

# THE CRITIC:

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## THE CRITIC.

## TO OUR READERS.

THE close of a *ninth* volume, an existence of *eight* years, proves that THE CRITIC has succeeded in winning and preserving public favour.

The popularity that supported it through the perils of youth into the maturity it has now attained, deserves something more than an acknowledgment in words.

We have promised from the beginning, that whatever return the patronage of the public might permit us to realize, should be expended in the improvement of the work itself, and thus, in fact, be repaid to its patrons.

That promise has not been forgotten, and now that the increase of Subscribers and of Advertisers has supplied the means, we propose to redeem the pledge by introducing the improvements they have enabled us to make.

We have been much urged to publish this *Literary Journal* weekly, instead of fortnightly; but, upon the maturest deliberation,

we have come to the conclusion that it would be unwise to do so, and that the increased funds can be more usefully expended in the enlargement and improvement of the fortnightly sheet.

It has appeared to us, not only that the interval permits of a better selection of material, but that it is more convenient to readers to possess the whole *Literary Intelligence* of the time collected in one sheet, of sufficient amplitude to admit of systematic arrangement, than to distribute it into two small publications, insignificant to the eye, and necessarily incapable of offering, in a restricted space, either variety or quantity of information.

Besides, we are assured that to the great majority of readers the advent of a *Literary Journal* once a fortnight suffices for their wants; it just enables them to keep themselves sufficiently well informed on Literature and Art for the purposes of intellectual and social life, without interfering too much with other reading no less needful. They must peruse their weekly newspaper, or they will fall behind the world in the news and politics of the time. A fortnightly *Journal of Literature and Art* enables them to keep pace with information, equally necessary to be possessed by all persons having any pretensions to the character of the gentleman or the lady, without interfering with other reading.

In pursuance, then, of the promise long ago given, we have resolved to apply the proceeds of the increased patronage with which THE CRITIC has been favoured during the year now closed to the introduction of many and considerable improvements with the *tenth* volume, which will commence on the first day of the year that is coming.

In the first place, this *Literary Journal* will be *enlarged*, so as to permit of a more complete concentration of the intelligence of the fortnight. The enlargement will extend in quantity to an addition of about one-fourth, by increasing the length of the pages, and thus making its shape more Journal-like and pleasing to the eye.

The increased space thus gained will be employed in the extension of that methodical arrangement which has given so much satisfaction, and which is a peculiar feature of THE CRITIC: it will enable us to add some departments which now we are compelled to omit for want of room, and to extend the notices of new works, so as to make THE CRITIC a more perfect record of the progress of Literature and Art.

Many new contributors have been added to our corps, whose names, were we permitted to mention them, would be an assurance that in these columns there will be ability as well as impartiality.

Thus there will be given to the reader, at the cost only of a few shillings in the year, even a greater amount of pleasant reading and

profitable information than could be had at double the cost in a weekly publication.

For the convenience of distant readers, this *Journal* will in future be issued in *monthly* as well as in *quarterly parts*, and it will be found that each of such parts will contain, for a shilling, as much amusing and instructive matter as an ordinary octavo volume at half-a-guinea.

The name of THE CRITIC, given to it at the beginning, has been the occasion of some misunderstanding of its real character. It was supposed to be designed as merely a formal review, and not as a *Journal*. But, in truth, it contemplated nothing more than to be to Literature and Art what a newspaper is to History—a collection of the *literary intelligence* of the time: a record of the progress of publication; a medium by which authors and publishers may make known to readers and buyers what they are doing or about to do. It does not profess profound criticism, for that would be impossible within the restricted space of a mere *Journal*, but only *impartial notices of new works*, by way of information to readers what books and works of art have appeared, what is the nature of their contents, what their apparent worth, and by well selected extracts from them to enable the book-buyer or borrower to form his own judgment what he may venture to procure, and persons, who have not leisure to read many books, to know something about *all* books—sufficient, at least, for the purposes of society and the business of life.

It was to remove the erroneous impression made upon strangers by our original title that we have lately added the more correctly descriptive one of "THE LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL," which precisely expresses the character of this periodical, and by which, therefore, we should desire to be designated when cited. We do not change the first name—because it is by the name of THE CRITIC that we have acquired our present gratifying position: but the double title will prevent any future misunderstanding, and therefore we hope it will be used whenever our friends have occasion to write or speak of us.

And, as the THE LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL, we shall endeavour to convey to our country and colonial readers the fullest report of the Gossip of the Literary World of London, as gathered by those who are moving in it, so as to keep those who are at a distance as well informed of its *sayings and doings* as if they were themselves within the magic circle.

In conclusion, we ask our present friends to make known these our purposes to such of their friends by whom this *Journal* may be as yet unread, with such recommendations as they may be pleased to deem that it deserves; for every addition to its subscribers will enable it the more thoroughly to carry out the comprehensive design we have above indicated.

## THE PROVINCE OF PREACHING.

It has become fashionable in these days to say that the Pulpit is losing its influence, that it has ceased to be the grand and commanding reality which it was in the bygone ages of the world. That the Pulpit is no longer, or only in a very imperfect degree, a Moral Power, the present state of society too plainly and too painfully shows. What brave, earnest, and holy man can trace to the Pulpit either his love of virtue or his vigour and perseverance in heroic duty! When we speak of the Pulpit we wish the word to be understood in its strictest sense, and not as including either devotional utterance or religious observance. Public worship, the prayer, the praise, the solemn ceremony may still be potent on Christian hearts as worship; and yet what we say regarding the Pulpit may not be at all affected thereby. We intend our remarks to apply simply and solely to Preaching. How Religion as a social manifestation may be made a more vital and regenerative energy is a separate question on which we do not enter. The minister of the Gospel has a double office; he is a priest and he is a prophet. He is a priest when, in the presence of his brethren, he carries their adorations to the throne of God; he is a prophet when he teaches them to walk in the way of God's commandments. As the first, his efficacy mainly depends on the amount of religious faith in the community; as the second, he has a conquering force through the native gifts of his own individuality. In treating of the Pulpit, therefore, we treat of that which it is in the power of the occupant to make what he pleases. That which renders a preacher the notoriety of an hour may be something with which his zeal and ability have nothing to do; but that through which he seizes and transforms the souls of men can be no fortunate or accidental circumstance, but an indwelling and inalienable vitality appertaining to the preacher himself. If, then, the Pulpit has declined and is declining, and this we at once admit, we do not need to seek the causes of the declension very far or very deep. What made the Pulpit eminently a Moral Power once was the moral life that burned in the Preacher's bosom; if the Pulpit be a Moral Power no more, then the Moral Life in the Preacher's bosom must have died. Many suppose that the Pulpit is still a fact as grand and victorious as ever because it talks in louder tones than ever, and because there are still crowds in church and chapel to listen to its thunders. But how ignoble in general is the impulse that carries those crowds there; how small is the moral fruit they bear away! What they eagerly seek the Pulpit abundantly offers, theological speculation, theological excitement, theological subtlety, and theological hatred. It is this stunning theological babble which is mistaken by the superficial as a proof that the Pulpit is still alive as an Instructor and a Reformer. Others seeing clearly how much of moral empire the Pulpit has lost, rush to the conclusion that the Pulpit is an agency which the wants of the world have perfectly outgrown, that its place is supplied, or will soon be supplied, by the Press, and that if it is to retain or to regain any portion of its dominion it must be by presenting the most multifarious topics in the most stimulating form to the curious and audacious intellect. Now, though we know and lament to know how much the Pulpit has fallen, yet we neither believe that it is irretrievably ruined, nor that the Press can take its place, nor that it can resume its influence and pristine pith by borrowing anything from the platform, from the lecture room, or the Mechanics' Institute. It has a province of its own. It was mighty as long as it was the brave king, the faithful guardian, the indefatigable minister of that province. Let the Pulpit return thereto and it will become mighty again. What that province will be the subject of our present essay, in which we shall show, first, what those things are which the Pulpit often treats of, but should always leave alone; secondly, the matters which it may occasionally touch on and illustrate; and, thirdly, its peculiar and perennial destination.

First, then, of the things which the Pulpit often treats of but should always leave alone.

Prominent among these is Scientific Theology, by which we mean the exhibition in a systematic and scholastic shape of the doctrines held by any section of the Christian Church. The mass of men, from their want of learning as well as from their want of intel-

lectual training, are incompetent to appreciate this. They must either feel their utter unfitness to enter on it and fathom it with a wise and understanding spirit, or if they persuade themselves that they really see its whole bearings and connection they must be puffed up with an egregious pride and an unseemly conceit; the worst foes to the acquisition of saving knowledge. In either case there can be no edification, no bringing nearer of the soul to God, no growth in those graces whose root is humility. What mockery to offer to the heart perishing for lack of food, a skeleton, and urge that heart to admire the symmetry thereof! No; science is a poor substitute for sustenance in the great affairs of morality and religion.

Equally unsuited to the Pulpit, and for the same reasons, is Biblical Criticism. It is a sapless enough study for the scholar, unless he happens to be a pedant too. But to an unlettered audience it must be alike without interest and without profit. Now and then the whole beauty and force of passages in Scripture can only be brought out by critical analysis and exposition. This, however, is not a common case. The best parts of the Bible are those that speak a universal meaning to universal man. It is they that have made it the Manual of Humanity. It has sometimes been said that the Bible is the plainest of all books. It has been said quite as confidently that it is the most difficult of all books. It is both; but it is as the first and not as the last that it has obtained the reverence and the belief of so many lands and nations. Only so much of the Bible as cannot be misunderstood by the obtusest, nor quarrelled about by the most pugnacious, has an immutable value and an eternal import.

Often introduced into the Pulpit but ill adapted to the Pulpit are the Christian Evidences. Why expend time, and learning, and argument, and eloquence to prove to Christians that Christianity is true? They know its truth by feeling its truth; that is, they recognise its truth by having experienced the adaptation of its great facts and principles to their spiritual wants as individuals. If, therefore, we press upon them with excessive fervour and pertinacity an external, a historical evidence in favour of that which they conceive themselves to have a higher, stronger, more infallible evidence for in their own instincts and intuitions, we are doing our best to make them sceptics. Every religion is its own proof and pleader. If it has in itself a fertile energy which responds to some deep human need it can dispense entirely with historical evidence; destitute of that energy it is only displaying its own weakness when appealing ostentatiously to historical proof.

Preachers now and then choose as topics of discourse, The Being and the Attributes of God. Assuredly they could not make a worse choice. What can any poor mortal say on God or on his attributes to a brother mortal which is not better said by conscience and by nature in all its manifold aspects? All which goes under the name of Natural Theology is a signal blunder and an arrant impertinence. We do not want your lumbering treatises on Design in the Universe as long as we have flowers at our feet, stars above us, and that noble and inspiring sight, a harvest field, the glorious grain with its golden glow. But what is so detestable in books is intolerable in the Pulpit whose vocation is to men who all, however otherwise indifferent, intensely feel, earnestly believe, gladly confess, that the LORD GOD Omnipotent Reigneth.

Let us now glance in the second place at the topics which the Pulpit may occasionally touch on and illustrate.

Foremost among these are those Eternal Principles of Morality, which have found champions and Martyrs in every age, and which have ever been even still more than religious faith the salvation of the world; which are set forth with much impressiveness in the Book of Proverbs; for which Socrates died; of which the Stoics were the noblest exponents; and through the strength of which brave deeds are still done in conflict with pestilence or despotism. The just, the honest, the honourable, the generous, the heroic, these the Preacher cannot recommend in language too emphatic. The Idea of Duty for Duty's sake, of Sacrifice without the expectation of reward, he should hold aloft like a blazing banner to cheer the timid, shame the selfish, encourage the irresolute, inspire the valiant. And if he preach thus not only by words but by example, his voice will be potent as that of ISAIAH or JOHN the Baptist, and

as of old multitudes will start from their slumber of sin to listen to his accents.

The Religious Sentiment has less distinctness than the Moral Idea, but it has not less reality. The Pulpit should never attempt either to describe or to analyze it, for it does not admit either of description or analysis; but it should appeal to it whenever, by means of the appeal, it can give clearness and force to the Moral Idea. It would be altogether wrong to say that God planted the Religious Sentiment in the breast of man for the sake of the Moral Idea and moral results. A more degrading or Utilitarian notion we could scarcely entertain. But in reference to one main object which the Preacher endeavours to accomplish, the moral reformation of his brethren, he addresses and arouses the Religious Sentiment no otherwise than as a mode of expanding, elevating, invigorating the Moral Idea. None but God can supply religious food to man, and he always presents it in abundance to him who seeks for it with natural hunger, though he refuses it with a frown of wrath to him who asks it with artificial appetite or sentimental longing. Now, in so far as the Preacher is a priest, that is, in so far as he takes a leading part in the devotional services in any temple dedicated to the Highest, God may employ him as the breaker of religious bread to his brethren. But in so far as he is a prophet, he introduces religion only as a moral motive. If we read the grandest prophecies ever uttered, those in the Old Testament, we shall find that Religion, the Name, the Glory, the Power, the Providence of the Eternal, are never otherwise brought forward than in order to urge the weak and the wicked to abandon wickedness and return to the blessed ways of righteousness and holiness. And if not solely, yet chiefly as an instrument for working a moral reformation among his hearers, is Religion placed in the hand of the Preacher.

Patriotism is closely related both to the Moral Idea and the Religious Sentiment. But it cannot so frequently as either find entrance into the Pulpit. It ought, however, to occupy a more frequent and important place there than it has ever yet done. For though it borrows much of its sacredness from the Religious Sentiment, and much of its depth from the Moral Idea, yet it can give them not a little in return for what it borrows. To think that God watches over our country strengthens the belief that he watches over each of us, even the humblest, and gives an aspect of peculiar beauty to the Providence of God, in which attribute it is most profitable to our spirit to contemplate him. To think that God will uphold our country as long as it has on its brow the mark, and in its soul the inextinguishable conviction and love of the Right, makes us see a sanctity in the Right which we might not otherwise have seen. Let the Preacher, then, discern that Patriotism is more than merely a noble devotedness to a noble object; that it is also a moral inducement and a religious fact; and let him from time to time draw inspiration from it for himself and for others.

In certain aspects it may be said of Man that he exists just in the degree that he knows. And, as far as we can pierce into the mystery of God, we conclude that His existence and His knowledge are one. Knowledge, therefore, is one of those Everlasting and Immutable Realities which can be pressed home with exceeding potency to the hearts of those whom the Preacher yearns to deliver from the pang and the pollution of iniquity. A distinction is sometimes made between Knowledge and Wisdom. Perhaps in most cases the distinction is nothing but an ingenious subtlety. Silly men in these days twirl off from the end of their fingers an antithesis, and dream that they have thus created a fecund system. A pleasing delusion this, which it is often not worth while to disturb. And the distinction between Knowledge and Wisdom is seldom anything else but such an antithesis. But without venturing beyond the threshold of the Metaphysical, we may say that Knowledge is naked, isolated perception, but that Wisdom is divine insight, with the Religious Sentiment on the right hand and the Moral Idea on the left. Knowledge sees;—Wisdom sees why it sees. Now, how Knowledge may deepen and rise into Wisdom is one of those matters with which the Preacher should occasionally concern himself. Because, though a man may know without being good, yet he cannot be wise without being good. And there are of our brethren who can be taught goodness better by raising their



Knowledge into Wisdom, their Sight into Insight, than by any direct appeal to their Moral Convictions or their Religious Feelings.

In the third place, let us now show what is the peculiar and perennial destination of the Pulpit.

Man is a sinful being; and partly because he is a sinner and partly from other circumstances, he has to bear the burden of great and unutterable sorrows. It is the peculiar and perennial destination of the Pulpit to speak as no other human institution can speak, to this child of sorrow and of sin.

It is not needful to mix up what we have to say on this department of our subject with any considerations on the origin of evil or on the nature of sin. How sin came into the world is a question for metaphysicians; how sin comes into each of our hearts we know better than any one else can tell us. In many an hour of foul temptation, of fierce passion, of greedy egoism, of sensual degradation, of grim remorse, we have learned the whole sad history and mystery of sin. Now sin has two opposite effects on two opposite classes of men. One class, a bold and strong class, with exuberant spirits and reckless faculties, in which it is difficult to distinguish appetite from energy, this class it hardens; another class, weak, timid, irresolute, indolent, sinning rather from feebleness of will and want of activity than from the force either of passion or of temptation, and loathing sin the most when proneest to fall, this class sin drives to despair. To lash, to sting, to rouse, to soften the first class, to encourage, to strengthen, to console the second, is the great work of the Pulpit. The Preacher comes armed, then, with wrath and with pity. He is the image of Eternal Justice, but the image no less of Eternal Mercy. And it is only by being the former that it is possible for him to be the latter. It is one of the effeminacies of our sickly age that it shrinks with equal fastidiousness from the frank expression of natural joy and from the hot denunciation of atrocious sin. It is ashamed to laugh and afraid to curse; hence it has no gushing tears for the forlorn, the penitent, the wretched; for the natural laugh, and natural wrath, and natural pity, are sisters, and he whose soul does not bound to what is beautiful in mirth and hate with a perfect hatred, wrong and the wrongdoer, cannot have a bleeding breast and a healing helping hand to give to his brother's repentance and his brother's sorrows. We maintain, therefore, that nothing in the old sternness of language in reference to sin should be mitigated; if the Pulpit is to wield with effect the weapons of God it must represent sin as an abominable thing in the eyes of God. But it can only do so with effect by showing that every man bears the inevitable penalty of his own transgressions. To picture sin as the most hideous thing in the Universe, and yet maintain that the guilt and the grief of the sin can be transferred to another, is a theological theatricality which every honest mind must spurn. The mistake of the popular theologians as concerns sin is not that of portraying it in colours too dark, but that of changing it from a primordial human fact into a theological chimera. The Romanist and the Protestant Churches have rushed into opposite extremes in their attitude toward sin. The Romanist Church saw with its wise, quick glance, how closely sin and sorrow are connected. But it felt more pity for the sorrow than wrath for the sin. And it is not wonderful that it should do so. Christianity struggled through martyrdom to empire. It could not forget, also, that it had its own divine birth in the cruel death of its founder. And though after it had conquered Heathenism, after it had organized itself into compact and energetic institutions, it became more frequently the smiter than the smitten, yet the spectacle which it daily beheld century after century was turmoil, oppression, famine, and blood. What more natural than that, next to the effort to increase its own influence and strengthen its own position, sympathy with sorrow should have been the most noteworthy feature of the Romanist Church. Those who declaim against Popery always, either from ignorance or intention, overlook this circumstance. Indeed, this tenderness to suffering on the part of the Romanist Church was one potent cause of the Reformation. The sale of indulgences, which roused so much indignation, was, however condemnable in itself, only one of the many modes wherein was poured forth that Spirit of Mercy which the Church of Rome has always had in a more eminent degree than all other Churches. But if the Romanist Church, in

its pity for sorrow, became too lenient to sin, the Protestant Church, in its wrath against sin, grew too harsh to sorrow. Hence the first Church has always been felt to be truer to Human Nature than the second; for sorrow is deeper than sin, and man only occasionally sins while he has always sorrows. The Romanist Preachers, therefore, by making sorrow more than sin the leading element in their utterances, have always held a mightier mastery over the human soul than the Protestant. Still, though Calvinism, the grand source of our current theological systems, has erred greatly by dwelling so much on sin to the exclusion of sorrow, erred especially in representing sin as the essential and man the accident instead of man the essential and sin the accident; yet it is doubtful whether, but for Calvinism, men could have had so solemn and profound an Idea of the horrible and the loathsome in sin. Men will outlive Calvinism as they have outlived other exaggerations; they can never outlive its tremendous delineations and denunciations of sin as the blackest and foulest plague spot in Creation; they can never outlive the conviction which it has given them that it is from the hatred of vice as much as from the love of virtue that they are able to rise to the Divine Ideal and the heroic practice of the Holy. But exaggerations are only permitted by God in the development of human fate, that from the action and then the exhaustion of antagonisms harmony may be evolved. If the Romish Church and Romanist Preachers have spoken too much to sorrow and too little to sin, and if the Protestant Church and Protestant Preachers have spoken too much to sin and too little to sorrow, the Pulpit, henceforth, must address itself with equal force to both, and prove that while it has fiercest wrath for human sins, it has boundless pity for human sorrows.

It is thus by a very commonplace process that we would regenerate the Pulpit; it is by bringing it once more into living contact with the old eternal yearnings that quicken and burn, and often bleed, at the roots of the human heart. Humanity changes much on the surface; it never changes in the depths; it is to the depths that the Pulpit is sent by God. It is in trying to adapt itself to the changes on the surface that it has lost its power. With new ideas, with new systems of philosophy, with new theories of the world, it has as little to do now as in the time of the Jewish prophets. But passion, conscience, temptation, guilt, repentance, bereavement, the silent agony of despair, these and kindred things have ever been the same, and will ever have need of the same ministrations.

KENNETH MORENCY.

#### PHILOSOPHY.

*An Essay on the New Analysis of Logical Forms.* By THOMAS S. BAYNES. Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox.

*A Manual of Logic.* By H. H. MUNRO. Glasgow: M. Ogle and Son.

THERE evidently is an increasing appetite for logical reading. Mr. CHRETIEN's interesting essay gave a life and warmth to the study to which it had long been a stranger in England; and by indicating the applications which might be made of the science, may have succeeded in awaking the interest of those who are concerned for "Christianity and the Church." The books we have placed at the head of this article are exceedingly different in kind, as well from each other, as from Mr. CHRETIEN's essay. They are contributions from Scottish Universities; and show, we cannot help thinking, how much more earnest is the spirit in which logic is studied in Scotland than that which has hitherto characterised its teaching in English Universities. They may also help to prove to those to whom has been intrusted the management of the affairs of the latter, and the selection of their academical course, that the inferior place they have assigned to logic is very unmerited. This they have much need to be taught; for it would seem as if the different seats of learning in this country, in

exact proportion to their antiquity, advanced in scornful neglect of a branch of study once so much favoured in their venerable halls; while to those of a more modern foundation, has been intrusted the work of its restoration to its proper place in the estimation of the learned. Thus, Oxford and Cambridge, both of uncertain antiquity (we, at least, not having our respected friend Dr. DRYASDUST at hand, would be slow to pronounce on the question of priority), though possessed of the most precious advantages for pursuing its study with activity and success, have, until a very recent date, completely ignored the existence of logic as a science. In Oxford, indeed, as the more catholic and comprehensive in its range of thought, the neglect has been less manifest than in her severer rival; and it can now, at least, no longer be truly said that "ALDRICH despised, corrected, vilified, yet holds his venerable place." In Dublin, again, which may be ranked next in order, the faults and deficiencies of the text-book have been occasionally in some degree compensated for by the remarks of learned and acute commentators; but any one who will take the trouble to observe the kind of subjects with which logic is classed in the Trinity College lists of subjects for Honour examinations, will see how greatly the real nature and scope of the science have been misconceived by the authorities there. In Scotland it might have been expected from the peculiar genius and temper of the people, to meet with a more distinct recognition; but even there, in the chairs specially founded for the purpose of teaching it, it is generally united with other branches of study, from which it is essentially distinct, and which cannot adequately be taught in the same course. In more than one of the Scottish Universities are the chairs occupied by men admirably qualified for the task of teaching logic; but they have to contend against the difficulties thrown in their way by the academical arrangements of long standing. In but one instance has any plan been adopted fitted to secure the successful teaching of this science; and this is entirely due to the energy of the present occupant of the chair, who, in spite of considerable opposition on the part of the University Patrons, carried into effect a plan by which a full course of logic is taught one year, and a full course of Metaphysics another.

But we are glad to hail any indications of improvement; and these have been so numerous in late years, in England as well as Scotland, that we do not despair of seeing this science cultivated as it deserves, on the banks of the Isis and the Cam. Nay, who knows but we shall hear of reading-parties in the "long," made up for the express purpose of reading logic. We recommend that such parties be pedestrian, i. e. that the "coach" be left behind.

But we have wandered far from our present business, which is, to notice the two works now before us.

As first in scientific importance Mr. BAYNES's Essay demands the larger share of attention; but let us first dismiss Mr. MUNRO's Manual. It is, as its name denotes, written for the assistance of young students, and of course has had the benefit of all the recent publications to glean from. Had it appeared a couple of years ago, we should have described it as the best yet published; and as it is, it is far superior to WHATELEY, LEECHMAN, and other popular compilations. It has this advantage

over them, that while not pretending to originality, it occasionally displays it; whereas the others, while professing to be original, are almost entirely compiled. Mr. MUNRO seems a well-informed man; and we are glad to see that he avoids many of Archbishop WHATELEY's errors, both as to the science of logic and its history. A manual for beginners was wanted, and this will help to supply the want. We can see, indeed, that for the student who contemplates a thorough investigation, after he has mastered this elementary work, there will be a good deal to unlearn; but there is hardly any other elementary treatise known to us of which this would not be true to a larger extent. This author, indeed, possessed some special advantages in undertaking such a work: for he tells us that he has had considerable experience as a tutor in logic; and the information thus obtained, as to the peculiar difficulties of the tyro, he has endeavoured to make good use of in his Manual. In one particular, however, we must be permitted to doubt the propriety of the course he has adopted. He says, that "in order to facilitate an earlier and easier acquaintance with the science than is at present attainable \* \* \* the use of symbols in illustration has been almost entirely discarded," on the ground that "they are invariably uninteresting if not repulsive to the beginner." This may be in the case of very young students, and Mr. MUNRO we see, observes with satisfaction that "instruction in logic is now introduced into many of our schools and academies." We confess we do not share in this feeling of satisfaction. The schools into which it has been introduced are those which profess to give a smattering of everything, a system certainly increasingly popular, but calculated, in our humble opinion, to rear up a race of ill-informed, flippant, and shallow men. It seems to us that if boys at school are properly instructed in those branches of study which are best suited to their age, they can have no time to devote to a subject requiring such close application and such severe restraint of wandering thoughts as logic. Even if they had the time, they are too young to enter on it with advantage to themselves; and the time devoted to the logic-class would be much more beneficially employed in the gymnasium. For our own part, we shall be quite content to see it denied admittance to schools of boys, if we can see it adequately taught in colleges and universities where young men do congregate. And in the case of the latter we see no reasonable objection to the use of symbols,—certainly none on the ground of their supposed repulsiveness. We believe men who are properly trained will never be found to grudge labour, if they can only be sure that it will not be bestowed in vain; and the great assistance rendered by a good system of symbols, both to a bad memory and a dull apprehension is undeniable. There will be no antipathy to symbols, on the part of those who have ever made trial of them; and Mr. MUNRO, we think, would have done better had he adopted as his principle a gradually increasing use of symbols from the very first. The mere repulsiveness to a very young student is no valid objection; for the teacher must consider, not the capricious likings or dislikes of a youth as to a matter of which he is necessarily entirely ignorant; but the assistance they will in the long run afford him in retaining or recalling his knowledge of the ground over which he has gone. In reference to this, there cannot be a moment's

comparison between words and symbols. This is an objection to the plan Mr. MUNRO has adopted, which, we should fear, will be felt more fully by the student the further he advances.

These remarks apply to that portion of the volume devoted to the actual teaching of logic. There is, however, besides this, a very brief introduction, containing several inaccuracies, to which it is requisite that we should advert. The only one of any moment is that in which the author states Archbishop WHATELEY's opinion as to the nature and province of logic. His Grace's definition, he remarks, "restricts the province of logic to the regulation of language," and then follows a passage in which he almost identifies it with that of HOBBS. Now this is by no means correct, as Mr. MUNRO might have learned from WHATELEY's Edinburgh Reviewer, from whom he professes to have learned so much. The Archbishop distinctly regards "the process (or operation) of reasoning" as "the object-matter about which the science of logic is conversant;" which is something very different from the mere regulation of language.

But we hasten now to notice the "Essay on the New Analytic." Before saying anything as to its intrinsic merits, we may allude to a circumstance which gives it a peculiar extrinsic interest. Our scientific readers may remember a controversy which took place some time ago between Professor DE MORGAN, of University College, and Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON, the well-known Edinburgh Philosopher. The latter was the discoverer of a New Analytic of Logical Forms, containing at least one unique feature, of which the whole History of Mental Science shows that there was hardly the faintest consciousness in the minds of even the most successful logicians, even in the palmiest days of the elder philosophy. This had never been given to the world in a distinct form, but had been taught from year to year in his class; and of his right to the sole merit of the discovery there are now living hundreds of unbiassed witnesses. Rumours of this reached Professor DE MORGAN, who had been for some time engaged in researches in Logic; and he applied to Sir W. HAMILTON for information as to the peculiar features of his discovery. The latter, with his usual frankness, gave the desired information; but meanwhile, Mr. DE MORGAN, in pursuing his investigations, fancied he had made a discovery identical with that of Sir W. HAMILTON. On this he immediately wrote to the latter, claiming as his own the merit of independent and original discovery, and offering as proof certain papers in his possession, covered with symbols and elucidations of his view. The discovery in question is, in technical language, "the quantification of the predicate." A dispute in consequence ensued; and Mr. DE MORGAN's claim appeared so far suspicious inasmuch as his claim to independent discovery was not made until after he had received from Sir W. HAMILTON sufficient information to enable him to appreciate both the nature of the discovery, and the means by which it had been arrived at. But it afterwards appeared that Mr. DE MORGAN had been premature in announcing his discovery to be the quantification of the predicate. His inquiry, as might have been supposed from the nature of his previous studies, was of a kind which a mathematician, rather than a logician, would have undertaken; and the main features of his opponent's discovery were left untouched.

Professor DE MORGAN's discovery was full of interest to the curious inquirer, though forming but a slender contribution to the science of logic, and did not involve such a complete revolution in that science as Sir WILLIAM's is calculated to effect. The fact that the latter, from his state of health, has been unable to publish his system, perplexed the controversy still more, of course; as, in case his opponent had persisted in his claim to priority, the only evidence to resist it was that which could be supplied by students attending his class. It is in this point of view that Mr. BAYNES's present essay possesses so high an interest. For it was a prize essay written entirely from notes taken while attending Sir W. HAMILTON's class in 1845-6, previous to the controversy just mentioned, and previous also to Mr. DE MORGAN's first application to Sir W. HAMILTON for information. And as the essay embodies the discovery, and is acknowledged by Mr. BAYNES to have been entirely derived from the lectures of his professor; it constitutes a satisfactory and trustworthy evidence that Sir WILLIAM was at all events the first, as we believe he is now universally acknowledged to be the only, discoverer of this particular principle of "quantification" of the predicate.

But Mr. BAYNES, though thus gladly surrendering his claims to originality in so far as the Analytic is concerned, has not given a mere report of Academic Lectures. It is no small praise to say that he has fully grasped the system of which he has endeavoured to give an exposition to the public; and, far from merely repeating what he has been told to say, has evidently made it thoroughly his own. Nor is his merit confined to this. He has given us in the same volume, an appendix and notes full of original matter, the result of his independent reflection and research, besides introducing some entirely original features into the essay itself. The important points discussed are, the exposition of notions, the office of logical analysis in relation to them, and the evolution of the principle of a quantified predicate from the postulate. The problem given in the prize essay, of which this publication is an expansion, with historical illustrations, was simply to determine what effect the new system of logic produces on the old; and the author has displayed much ingenuity in his attempt to prove the inconsistencies of the existing logic within itself. As the whole question, however, is still a matter of debate among philosophers, we refrain from expressing an opinion on either side. But what we have just stated will indicate to those of our readers who are interested in such questions the new features of the present essay, and enable them to appreciate its scientific value. It only remains for us to say that the thesis Mr. BAYNES has undertaken to defend has been placed in very competent hands, whatever judgment may be formed as to the merits of the case; and we are certain, at all events, that logicians will regard his work as a very important contribution to the science.

We quote a passage from the appendix in which Mr. BAYNES sums up a contrast of the principal theories of logic, and the result he has arrived at:

We have thus the subject of quantification viewed in almost all the aspects in which it can possibly be considered. The common doctrine considers it in relation to the *subject*; Sir William Hamilton, as it affects the *predicate*; Mr. Thynne maintains that it is an affection of the *copula*; while Mr. de Morgan (after Lambert) has elaborated a particular quantification of the *middle*



term. This last scheme, however, has but a trivial and practically useless refinement on a doctrine universally held by Logicians, may be thrown out of account. Mr. Thynne's notion, we have endeavoured to show, must, as the result of a strange confusion, be at once rejected. The subject and predicate, therefore, alone remain to be considered. The quantification of these terms as the ultimate constituents of logical analysis, is, we need scarcely say, all-important. Through the working out of quantification in relation to the subject, the existing logic has attained to whatever of perfection of detail it can pretend to; through its working out in relation to the predicate, it will attain to the whole perfection of which, as a science, it is susceptible. The former is substantially the work of Aristotle; the latter is equally so that of Sir William Hamilton. To sum up, then, the evidence we have gained: we have found, on the one hand, that the express quantification of the predicate has been rejected with singular uniformity throughout the entire history of the science. On the other hand, that it has been sometimes partially adopted in theory, and at other times in various ways applied in practice; only, however, to amend some particular detail of the science—it may be to simplify the process of conversion—it may be to modify, by a problematical exception, some particular rule of syllogism. But we have also seen, that its want has never been signalled as a fundamental defect in the original logical analysis;—a defect through which the science had been encumbered by unscientific supports—disfigured by unscientific additions—dwarfed by unscientific restrictions, and thus shorn of its true beauty of proportion and completeness; that it has never, therefore, been employed as a principle to reconstruct the whole edifice of the science, and by removing what was useless, rejecting what was false, and supplying what was wanting to restore it to its perfect and harmonious beauty.

We come now to notice the services Mr. BAYNES has rendered to the history of the science. These are by no means slight; as may be sufficiently evinced by the fact that he has brought to light the works of several acute writers, some of whom were very little known in the history of logic, and a few not known at all. Some of these are foreigners; but the majority are Englishmen. We may mention, as chief among the former, AMBROSIVS LEO, and ISENACH, Professor at Wittenberg in the beginning of the 16th century. Among the latter, the chief names are FRANCE, GRANGER, and COKE. Mr. BAYNES has evidently a sharp eye for a book-stall. He scenteth a logical writer a mile off, beareth down upon him, and carrieth off his prize, after rescuing him from the superincumbent dust.

There are some amusing extracts from LUTHER's letters in the notes. He was the pupil of ISENACH, and delighted in outraging entirely original on the part of Mr. BAYNES; his teacher's love for scholasticism. The great reformer, in the true iconoclastic spirit, had no mercy on the material or ideal idols other people worshipped, however tenderly he may have treated his own. Mr. BAYNES says:—

The first extract is from a letter written in February 1516, to John Lange, prior of the Augustinians at Erfurt, enclosing a letter which he had written to ISENACH against the existing course of study. It is as follows:—I send you this my letter to the excellent D. Yodocus ISENACH, full of discussions against logic, philosophy, and theology,—that is to say, of blasphemies and maledictions against Aristotle, Porphyry, and the Sententiaries—the accursed studies, to wit, of the age. For so it will be interpreted by those who have vowed, not for five years, as the Pythagoreans, but constantly and to all eternity, to keep silent as the dead, to believe all things, to be obedient listeners, and never, even in joke, to venture a skirmish, or to breathe the slightest word against Aristotle and the Sentences. For what will not be believed as truths by those who have such faith in Aristotle, who, himself the most calumnious of all calumniators, attributes to others things so absurd, that an ass or a stone could not possibly hold their peace at them?

See to it, therefore, that you carefully deliver these to that same excellent man, and be sure to smell out what judgment he or any of the others may give concerning me in this matter, and let me know. For I desire nothing more earnestly than to unmask that actor who has so befuddled the church with his Greek guise, and to make his shame manifest to all, had I only leisure.

But the greatest sorrow to me is, that I am compelled to see so many of our brother monks, endowed with excellent genius for all worthy studies, waste their lives and lose their labour amidst such filth as this; nor do the universities cease to condemn and burn good books, while at the same time they dictate, or rather dream out bad ones.

I wish that Magister Usingen, and Isenach to boot, would abstain, in fact, contain themselves, for a while from these labours. My repositories are all filled (with writings) against their publications, which I am convinced are worse than useless; and all others would think as I do, were they not (as I have said), laid under an obligation of silence.

The second extract is from a letter written in May 1518 to SPALATIN, in which LUTHER gives him an account after his return to Wittenberg, of the good reception which he met with from the Count Palatine at Heidelberg, and of his conferences with ISENACH and USINGEN. He says:—

To the Erfurthians my theology is a dish of death in the pot—rewarded; and Dr. Isenach made himself remarkable at Heidelberg, by prefixing to all my theses a black theta (a mark of reprobation), according also his written testimonial, that he considered me an ignoramus in logic, not to say divinity.

I would have disputed likewise among them (those of Erfurt, to wit, on his return from Heidelberg) had not the Litany days prevented. I had, however, a private conference with Doctor Isenach, and if I did nothing more, made him understand that he was unable to prove his own positions or to confute mine; nay, that their opinions were that beast which is said to devour itself. But the fable falls on deaf ears: they obstinately stick to their distinctions, confusing, however, that those are established on no authority, except what they call the dictate of natural reason, which in our eyes, who preach no other light than Christ Jesus—the true and only illumination—appears simply as a night of chaos. \* \*

The third extract is from another letter, written in the following month of the same year, to SPALATIN, touching the value of dialectic in theological studies:

You ask, how far I think dialectic is useful to theology; verily I do not see how it can be other than poison to a true divine. Grant that it may perhaps be useful as a sport or exercise for youthful minds, still in sacred letters, where simple faith and divine illumination are to be awaited, the whole matter of the syllogism is to be left below, even as Abraham, when about to sacrifice, left the youths with the asses. And this, John Renclin, in the second book of his Cabbala, sufficiently confirms. For if any dialectic be necessary, that given by nature is enough, by which a man is led to compare one belief with another, and so to arrive at the truth. I have not unfrequently engaged in discussions with my friends as to the profit to be gained from this so sedulous study of philosophy and dialectic, and truly with one consent we have marvelled at, yea, bewailed over, the calamity of minds, finding in these studies no help, but rather a whole flood of hindrance.

Finally, I have written to Doctor Isenach, the prince of dialecticians (as it seems) in this age, insisting most strongly on the same thing, which indeed cannot be denied, to wit, that dialectic cannot help theology, but rather hinders it, because the same grammatical terms are used in a widely different sense in theology and in logic. \* \* \* \* \* The good man took it much to heart, and affirmed that my sophisms could not be credited even by myself. But these worthies are the bondmen of Aristotle and Porphyry, and consider not what is said, but simply who says it. Hence it comes that they are not able to understand a single chapter of scripture, much less to render it.

If, therefore, you accept my judgment, dialectic, of whatever use it be in other things, in sacred letters only

does harm. I, myself, have observed the doctrines and rules of the scholastic theology, and have designedly endeavoured to treat the inspired writings and those of the fathers of the Church according to them; but (may God condemn me if I lie) I recoiled in horror from the confusion, worse than that of Tartarus (which this treatment caused.) But I will make the same attempt on you when we meet, and shall then detail, what you now briefly hear.

These extracts are very characteristic of LUTHER—of his honesty—his thorough outspokenness—his utter want of sympathy with the ancient barbarism, and his fiery zeal for its destruction. When we remember, however, that such deliverances as these were addressed to a man of whose character and history the only remaining record is, that he was a “lover of the scholastic theology;” and remember also, that they came with the bitter aggravation of having been given by one who had enjoyed the best opportunities of knowing the worth of the things he despised, since he had heard their value expounded by the ablest lips—the case certainly assumes a very grave aspect; and one can hardly wonder that LUTHER should have felt some misgivings as to his innocence in the matter.

In another of his letters, LUTHER mentions the death of ISENACH, and half-jestingly expresses a fear lest he may have occasioned it. But we wonder that Mr. BAYNES, in publishing this, had no fear of Archdeacon HARE before his eyes,—that able and venerable person having constituted himself the special guardian of LUTHER's posthumous fame. Unless he should consider murder a more venial offence than polygamy, we shall be having another edition of the *Mission of the Comforter*, with a note W. W., for the express purpose of castigating this new defamer of the meek reformer. For ourselves, we are willing to hear the truth about reformers as well as meaner mortals.

We had intended to copy something from the account given in these notes, of AMBROSIVS LEO, but our space is already exhausted. The attention, not only of students but of bibliographers, is directed to a work written by that philosopher, which seems to have become exceedingly rare, and its very existence lost sight of. It is directed against AVERROES. Those who take an interest in such matters will find in Mr. BAYNES's notes, information as to AMBROSIVS and his writings, which we think they will vainly look for elsewhere.

An interesting note has been communicated by Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON, explaining his doctrine, as it has been matured, and at present stands. We trust the health of this distinguished man will be sufficiently restored to enable him, ere long, to give to the world his important discovery, in a complete and authentic shape.

We cannot venture to hope that the essay at present under review will have a wide circulation. The audience whom such works are likely to interest, “if fit,” is very “few.” But we believe, with that audience, there will be but one sentiment of approbation as to the manner in which the author has done his work. If it should reach a second edition, we trust that the typographical errors—by no means few, and some of them very palpable—which occur in this edition, may be avoided.

A. R.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

*The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey.* Edited by his Son, the Rev. CUTHBERT SOUTHEY, M.A. In six vols. Vol. VI. London: Longman and Co.

(Continued from p. 565.)

WE make no apology for lingering over the

last volume of this delightful life, told, as it is, in a sort of autobiography in the form of correspondence.

SOUTHEY was above all others the man to be thus presented to the world. He did not shine in conversation. He was rather reserved and taciturn, and seemed to avoid the utterance of witty things or wise things. But in his letters he poured out his whole soul. There we see the man and the author revealed with a frankness that wins our esteem from the very first epistle. It is the same with him whomever he addresses, whether a friend, a stranger, his children, an author asking advice, or a man of business on affairs, in the simplest but most expressive language he states the honest thought that is in him. This, as it seems to us, is the secret charm which everybody feels when perusing this correspondence; but which we have not yet seen attempted to be explained.

Here he describes himself as we have described him:

#### SOUTHEY IN SOCIETY.

When I met Joanna Baillie at Rogers's, her sister and my daughter Bertha constituted the whole party; for, as to literary parties, they are my abomination. She is a person whom I admired as soon as I read her first volume of Plays, and liked when I saw her as much as I had admired her before. I never talk much in company, and never carry abroad with me the cheerful spirits which never forsake me at home. But I was not sad that morning, though perhaps my thoughts might sometimes be more engaged than they ought to have been by the engagements of various kinds which were pressing upon me. Bertha said of me in one of her letters from town that I used to look as if I had more to think of than I liked. This was only because it was so much; not that I looked at the course of events with anything like despondency.

As the opinion of a man who had given much thought to the subject, we will take

#### SOUTHEY ON EDUCATION.

You know, my dear Neville, that I have endeavoured always to impress upon the public the necessity of educating the people. If that education is either so conducted, or left so imperfect as in many cases to do harm rather than good, the fault is not in the principle, but in the mismanagement of it. The great evil which at present it produces is that of making young persons discontented with the stations which they were intended to fill; and thus producing more claimants for the stations one degree higher than can be provided for in that class. Whenever the education which such persons receive shall become universal, this mischief must necessarily cease. It produced nothing but good in Scotland, because it was universal there.

A more difficult question is, how to render the religious instruction which children receive at school of more effect. And where parents neglect, as they so very generally do in that station of life, this duty, I do not see how this is to be done by schools and teachers. We want a reformation of manners to effect that without which manners, alas! cannot be reformed. This is evident, that boys and girls are taken from school precisely at that age when they become capable of, in some degree understanding and feeling what till then they have only learnt by rote. Then it is that the aid of catechists is wanting. In a small parish the clergyman can do much; in large ones I do not wonder that they are deterred from attempting what with their utmost exertions they could not possibly accomplish.

I am perfectly satisfied that no children ought to be left without education; so much as to enable them to read, write, cypher, and understand their moral and religious duties.

At the present moment there would appear to be something almost like prophecy in the following:

#### HINTS FOR CHURCH REFORM.

About the Liturgy I have left myself little room to write. It wants few alterations, and those very easy

and unobjectionable. I would divide the Morning from the Communion Service; the two together, with the addition of a sermon, being far too long, both for the priest and the people. Some of the first lessons might better be changed, and a few of the Psalms passed over, as not being for edification. When church reformation begins, if revolution does not render it unnecessary, I fear we shall find many Judases in the establishment. It was more by her own treacherous children that she was overthrown in the Great Rebellion than by the Puritans. But this must ever be the case.

The spice of sly humour that lurked in him peeps out in his sketch of

#### A NEW PHILOSOPHY.

Have you seen the strange book which Anastasius Hope left for publication, and which his representatives in spite of all dissuasion, have published? His notion of immortality and heaven is, that at the consummation of all things he, and you and I, and John Murray, and Nebuchadnezzar, and Lambert the fat man, and the living skeleton, and Queen Elizabeth, and the Hottentot Venns, and Thurtell, and Probert, and the twelve Apostles, and the noble army of martyrs, and Genghis Khan, and all his armies, and Noah with all his ancestors and all his posterity,—yea, all men and all women, and all children that have ever been or ever shall be, saints and sinners alike,—are all to be put together, and made into one great celestial eternal human being. He does not seem to have known how nearly this approaches to Swedenborg's fancy. I do not like the scheme. I don't like the notion of being mixed up with Hume, and Hunt, and Whittle Harvey, and Philpotts, and Lord Althorpe, and the Huns, and the Hottentots, and the Jews, and the Philistines, and the Scotch, and the Irish. God forbid! I hope to be I myself; I, in an English heaven, with you yourself—you, and some others, without whom heaven would be no heaven to me.

There is something fine and touching in the old man's reliance on his own powers for an independent maintenance. When, in 1831, there was a stoppage of the sale of his works, and *The Quarterly Review* began to curtail its payments, he was recommended to endeavour to obtain a professorship, but, in a letter to Mr. H. TAYLOR, he says:

No, H. T., I have nothing to look for but what comes out of this inkstand. There may be some temporary inconvenience, but unless all things are subverted about me, that inkstand will supply my wants till death or infirmity overtake me. For the first I am sufficiently prepared as to worldly affairs, for the latter I trust that Providence will save me from it, or support me under it.

Dr. BELL, the parent of the famous school system known by his name, left SOUTHEY 1000*l.* by his will, a sum that came just in time to enable him to keep his son at college, and when his revenue from his writings began to fail. Shortly after, in another letter to Mr. H. TAYLOR, we have some more revelations of

#### SOUTHEY BY HIMSELF.

Most men play the fool in some way or other, and no man takes more delight in playing it than I do, in my own way. I do it well with children, and not at all with women, towards whom, like John Bunyan, "I cannot carry myself pleasantly," unless I have a great liking for them. Most men, I suspect, have different characters even among their friends,—appearing in different circles in different lights, or rather showing only parts of themselves. One's character being *terres atque rotundus*, is not to be seen all at once. You must know a man all round—in all moods and all weathers—to know him well; but in the common intercourse of the world, men see each other in only one mood—see only their manners in society, and hear nothing that comes from any part lying deeper than the larynx. Many people think they are well acquainted with me who know little more of me than the cut of my jib and the sound of my voice.

And again, in a letter to Mr. BEDFORD, dated April 1, 1832,

From this you will conclude that I am in good health, and in good spirits, notwithstanding the dismal prospect of public affairs. On private scores, however, I have uneasiness enough; of which it were useless to speak where no good can be obtained.

As for the likings or dislikings, Grosvenor, which are formed at first sight, or upon casual acquaintance, no one who has lived long in the world will attach more importance to them than they deserve. Complicated as every human character must be, we like or dislike just that part of it which happens to present itself to our observation; and perhaps the same person, in another point of view, makes a very different impression. It is so with countenances; and it so even with natural scenery. Upon a second journey I have sometimes looked in vain for the beauties which delighted me on the first; and, on the other hand, I have discovered pleasing objects where I had formerly failed to perceive them. I know very well in what very different lights I myself must appear to different people, who see me but once, or whose acquaintance with me is very slight: not a few go away with the notion that they have seen a stiff, cold, reserved, disobliging sort of person; and they judge rightly as far as they see, except that no one should be deemed disobliging merely for taking no pains to make himself agreeable where he feels no inclination to do so.

This I think is the greatest disadvantage that notorious authorship brings with it. It places one in an unfair position among strangers: they watch for what you say, and set upon you to draw you out, and whenever that is the case, in I go like a tortoise or hodmanned into my shell.

Many a parent must be hesitating and doubting in what manner to educate his sons—to all such SOUTHEY's opinion will be welcome. He chooses the middle path—a public school as a day scholar, uniting the advantages of the former with the moral benefits of the latter:

#### SOUTHEY ON SCHOOLS.

There are Greek and English Lexicons now; but if your nephew is intended for a public school, the better way, as he would be a day-boy (which I look upon to be the greatest of all advantages), would be to send him to Westminster as soon as he was fit for the second form: I do not say for the petty, because the work of the first two years may probably be as well got at home in six months. Had I lived in London, Cuthbert should certainly have gone to Westminster as a day-boy. There is in schemes of education, as in everything else, a choice of evils: no safe process—that is impossible. My settled opinion is, that the best plan is a public school, where the boy can board at home; upon this I have no doubt. When he cannot, the question between public and private education is so questionable, that in most cases a feather might turn the scale. With me it was turned by the heavy weights of distance and expense, and the consideration that life is uncertain; and by educating my son at home, I was at least sure of this, that his years of boyhood would be happy.

Now again we pause, but we find that much yet remains which our readers will desire to peruse and preserve for future reading and reference.

*Lives and Anecdotes of Misers, or the Passion of Avarice displayed.* By F. SOMNER MERRYWEATHER, Author of "Bibliomania in the Middle Ages," &c. London: Simpkin and Co.

A LITTLE volume containing anecdotes of famous misers, collected from a vast range of reading and research. The author has not only ferreted out many new and curious biographies, but he has painted the moral, and treated with much good sense, of the difference between prudence and parsimony, saving and *miserer*—if we may be allowed to coin a word for an idea that has not an equivalent expression in our language.



## VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

*Gleanings on the Overland Route.* By the Author of "Forty Days in the Desert." London: Hall and Co.

THIS may be deemed almost more a work of art than of literature. It is a sort of Traveler's Annual, for it is profusely illustrated with exquisite engravings, from drawings, as we presume, by Mr. BARTLETT.

It has also a useful purpose. It is a sort of guide or handbook to the Overland Route, to be consulted by all who purpose taking that interesting journey, or who are actually travelling there, or who desire to know what is to be seen on the way. The Panorama of the Overland Journey has stimulated curiosity on this subject, and we recommend all who have enjoyed a visit to the Panorama to refresh their memories and improve their knowledge, by reading about that which they there beheld, in the pages of this pleasant volume.

First, let us speak of the illustrations. There are no less than twenty-eight engravings on steel, including views of Granada, Valetta, Rhodes, Gibraltar, and Alexandria; and twenty-three woodcuts of lesser views, from drawings taken on the spot by Mr. BARTLETT. Some of these, as "The Staircase in the Grand Master's house," are singularly beautiful specimens of art, and seldom have we seen such real water as in the fine view of "The Grave of Abercrombie." "The Knight's Street in Rhodes," is a wondrous effect by the graver of a sunny sky in a hot climate. Mr. BARTLETT is particularly fond of taking extensive views from heights, and placing the spectator, as it were, above the picture, a position in which great skill is required to depict a scene, because the eye, being unaccustomed to it, does not readily understand and accommodate itself to the unwonted position. But Mr. BARTLETT's pencil has the power of reconciling us to it more speedily than any other artist whom we remember.

The literary portion of the volume is agreeably written, not brilliantly, but sensibly, catching most readily such sights as were most likely to attract the attention of an artist in search of the picturesque. Mr. BARTLETT is a keen observer of national character, habits, and peculiarities, and his narrative is rich in sketches of these which are not readily conveyed by the pencil, and therefore, were appropriately confided to his pen. He is more sparing of description of places; and properly so, because these he can so much better represent to the eye by a few strokes of his pencil than by whole pages of pen and ink painting in words.

In this volume, which may be deemed the continuation of his series of illustrations of the Southern and Eastern World, he treats of Malta, Rhodes, and Gibraltar, and although these localities might be supposed to have been pretty well exhausted by tourists, the reader will be surprised to discover how much that is new, curious, and worth preserving, was found by Mr. BARTLETT's keen eye, which his predecessors had overlooked. A few specimens will show the wealth of this welcome Christmas volume.

Thus, almost at the beginning, we have this lively sketch of

## THE GRAND HARBOUR AT MALTA.

To a stranger there can hardly be a more brilliant spectacle than the grand harbour. When his vessel casts anchor, he gazes with admiration upon the ponderous tiers of batteries, and lofty terraces of flat-roofed

and green-balconied houses, which, apparently carved out of, rather than built in, the brilliantly white stone, everywhere rise out of the blue of the harbour below, tracing their outline with almost dazzling distinctness upon the blue of the sky above. Crowds of boats, of antique outline and brilliantly painted, and having white awnings, put off from the quays, the boatmen with loud outcries and frantic gesticulations contending for the prize of the baggage, while naked boys endeavour to attract attention by feats of diving, and plunge after any small coin which may be thrown to them. As soon as you step on shore you are lucky if, as a stranger, you are not instantly pounced upon by a host of beggars, echoing the plaintive whine of "*Nix mangiare*," or "nothing to eat," whence the landing stairs derived their appellation, and who continue to stick to your skirts, in spite of a liberal expenditure of halfpence, protestations, or kicks. Hurrying up the steep ascent into the city, you next cross a crowded drawbridge over a deep fosse, filled with bananas and orange-trees, pass under a deep gateway, guarded by English and Scotch sentinels, and still mounting upwards, pass through a market, abounding at once in odours the most delicious, and stenches the most abominable. Still pushing on, through the midst of a brown, blear-eyed, and most vociferous populace, you arrive, already pretty well blown, at the foot of one of those long flights of steps, of which Lord Byron took leave with the splenetic couplet,—

Adieu! ye cursed streets of stairs;  
How surely he who mounts them swears.

These stair-streets form one of the most curious features of Valetta. Troublesome as it may be to ascend them on a hot day, yet the very nature of the ground left no alternative; and to those who have made their way up the execrating rugged alleys of a continental city, paved with sharp-pointed stones, the large, flat slabs, and easy, gradual ascent, of these of Malta, are certainly delightful by comparison: and with the annexed sketch before him, the reader may judge of their singularly picturesque effect, and of the motley crowd that wear away the stones with their perpetual passage. Some of the latter we have preferred to keep out of the way, as being rather awkward to group, such as the laden donkeys which are often seen ascending and descending; but the rest of the characters were sketched on the spot, and afford a fair sample of the mixed population of Malta. First and foremost is seen ascending, with elastic footstep, one of the lower order of Maltese, in the ordinary costume of sailor-like trousers, loose and flowing on the legs, and tightly gathered up to the waist, around which is fastened, as also in Spain, the invariable crimson sash, a sort of link between oriental and modern costume, and surmounted by an equally loose shirt, a brown, open chest, and a head of semi-African form and colour, with black hair and eyes, and covered with a Phrygian-shaped cap, hanging on one side, picturesquely and jauntily arranged. By his side leaps up his pet goat, the nurse and playfellow of his family, as important in a Maltese household as the pig in the Irishman's hovel. Above, at the coffee-house of the "Two Sisters," their favourite place of resort, appears a group of lounging Arab merchants, from Tunis or from Tripoli—grave and majestic personages—arrayed in the voluminous turban and the flowing *haik*, their movements deliberate and stately, their attitudes fine and statuesque—forming at every turn a study for the painter or the sculptor. Next, tripping lightly down the steps behind, is a Maltese lady, enveloped in her elegant black silk mantilla, a costume of which it may be said that it renders even the ugly attractive, while the pretty become positively irresistible: so grave, and yet so piquante, so nun-like, and yet so coquettish, are its rustling folds, tastefully drawn round the head, so as to throw additional expression into a deep dark eye, and to relieve a white-gloved hand and taper Andalusian foot. Further up the steps are two characters which, widely contrasted as they are, flourish with equal luxuriance in this hot-bed—the clean and ruddy English soldier, and the pale and greasy Maltese priest: the former certainly the highest type of his profession; an assertion which may not be perhaps uncharitably reversed of the latter. Sometimes a long procession, to the honour of one of the many saints whose carved effigies look down upon us from every corner, ascends the street with flaunting banners and religious chants, and followed by a crowd of bare-

headed suppliants; at others, a jovial band of grog-inspired sailors will come rolling down the steps, and sweeping all before them on the way to the harbour, with small regard to the feelings of any unfortunate natives who may happen to be in the way. The shops which border these frequented avenues do a great stroke of traffic, and exhibit a scene of busy industry, many of the handicrafts being carried on in the open street. The Strada St. Christoforo is devoted to the manufacture of chairs, tables, and sofas, in which the natives are very expert, and which, from their cheapness and good workmanship, enjoy a wide market in the Levant. Equally good and extensively used are their light iron bedsteads; and in the Strada Santa Lucia (represented in our sketch) the stranger will be much gratified, and tempted to loose his purse-strings, by the decorative carvings in stone, representing vases with flowers, birds, &c.; and perhaps even still more by the filigree gold-work, of exquisite workmanship, in both which articles the Maltese may vie with, if they do not excel, any other artificers.

## And this of

## THE STREETS OF MALTA.

Emerging from the solemn interior of St. John's a few paces bring us into the Strada Reale, the main avenue intersecting Valetta from north to south. Here all is full of brilliancy and life. First, the architecture of the houses is so neat and yet so picturesque, with deep portals and projecting galleries, and oriels of wood-work painted green, all kept in the nicest order, the pavement as good as in London, the shops full of London comforts and Parisian elegancies, intermingled with gay-looking *cafés*. Handsome equipages are seen standing before the magnificent façades of the Auberges of the knights, now occupied by the English officers, others of dash past on their well-groomed Arabians. Groups of Maltese ladies in black silk mantillas, and with dark roving glances, contrast with English matrons in neat morning dresses, and with their air of cold propriety. To quote the words of a lively French traveller: "The multitude speaks all languages. With the guttural English you hear the lively chatter of the French, and the Tunisian Arab discourses gravely by the side of the gesticulating Italian. Handsome hotels, excellent and well kept, display their rival signs on every hand. Life in Malta is easy, inexpensive, and carelessly elegant. A large number of young and rich English officers indemnify themselves for their expatriation by all the enjoyments of luxury, and keep up the jovial customs which the knights for their part imported before them; while a multitude of travellers, arriving from all quarters and waiting for vessels, create much stir at the hotels, and a great sale of all the little indulgences which compensate for the privations and ennui of a long voyage."

Pass we now to Rhodes, and its scarcely less famous localities. Here is

## THE STREET OF THE KNIGHTS.

On a visit to Rhodes, some years ago, I was delighted to find the fortifications, and even private dwellings, erected by the Hospitallers, subsisting in the main, intact, and became at last familiar with every tower and gateway, but especially with the "Stradi dei Cavalieri," or "Street of the Knights," a long and picturesque avenue of gothic houses, formerly occupied by the most distinguished of these military monks, and still bearing the undefaced armorial bearings of the different nations of christendom, and of that noble family from which the individual tenant was descended. Some pious travellers have even regilt and repainted the faded emblazonry, and thus so complete is everything, that one might almost expect the stalwart champions of the extinct order, to step forth in mail of proof from their gothic portals, into the street which once echoed with their iron tread; but, though the buildings are fresh as from yesterday's chisel, the streets are silent as the neighbouring cemeteries—rank grass spring up between the interstices of the pavement, and during the long summer days, the twitter of the swallows in the eaves of the carved mullions is the only sound of life. All the vitality of Rhodes, in fact, was suddenly extinguished by the departure of the knights, and it has gradually dwindled down, until a thinsown population of mingled Turks and Greeks occupies the proud city, once gallant with chivalry, and enriched by commerce. Its lofty

towers, around which the storm of battle has so often rung, are silent and tenantless; few and ignoble are the passengers who awaken by their footsteps the echoes of its portals; and you may make the circuit of its walls without encountering a living creature but a lizard.

The gothic city of Rhodes may be likened to a beautiful body from which the soul has departed; but nature adorns the island itself with never-fading verdure and loveliness. From the hills above the former, the prospect over sea and land is one of matchless beauty, and the interior is a perfect garden. Almost every inhabitant has a bunch of roses in his hand, thus vindicating the original derivation of the name. No wonder that the knights struggled so gallantly to maintain such a possession—that the decks of the fugitive vessels, as the land faded from their sight, resounded with the tears of the exiles who accompanied their fortunes, and that when, after their long wanderings, they found at length a new home upon the rock of Malta, they bitterly contrasted its arid and forbidding appearance with the terrestrial paradise from which they had been expelled.

The interior of Malta has a peculiar aspect,

#### THE ISLAND.

A more lively scene is hardly to be found than the *sortie* from the walls of Valetta into the interior of the island. Rambling under the long echoing gateway, with its guard-house and red-coated sentinels, we emerge upon the bridge, which spans the tremendous ditch of the fortifications, cut through the solid rock, and averaging from fifty to eighty feet in depth. Hence the road descending a long glacis or slope, passes through another rock-hewn line of defence, and emerges into the suburb of Floriana, within which has grown up another scattered town, with its usual complements—churches and convents, a beautiful botanical garden, and an extensive esplanade. All through these extensive lines of defence and suburbs, flows a perpetual and animated stream of life. The old-fashioned caleches, rolling along at every moment, strikingly contrast with the more modern equipages of the English residents and officers—nor are their respective occupants more curiously dissimilar; the former containing, as it may happen, a quiet old-fashioned family of Maltese, from some country casual—brown-skinned, black-eyed, and ugly women, enveloped in the unchangeable black mantilla; while upon the latter are to be seen bright blue eyes and rosy cheeks and pretty faces of a northern clime, and the scarlet jacket of the officer, or fashionable *négligé* of the Bond-street lounge.

On clearing the fortified enclosure, we issue into the open country, over which an extensive and striking view suddenly bursts upon the eye. On a hot dry day, and under a glaring sun, it looks almost like an arid desert of white stone, thinly veiled here and there with a patch of feeble verdure, or sparsely dotted over with round black-looking carob-trees; and one is utterly perplexed as to the sustenance of the dense population with which it evidently teems; for—look which way one will—large villages or *casals* everywhere salute the eye, solidly built, and invariably overtowered by large and handsome churches. After the rains, however, this bare surface is suddenly carpeted with a most vivid green; and then, although there is nothing worthy of the name of scenery to be met with, it is really pleasant to peregrinate the island—the pleasure being mainly derived from the spectacle of industry triumphing over natural obstacles. A mere rock, to which, from its central and important position, a crowded population has been attracted, every practicable nook has been laboriously cultivated—the rugged soil cleared of the stones with which it was covered; the “crop-rock,” which formed the surface, broken up; and the bed of subsoil which is beneath it brought out and industriously laboured, while the more impracticable portions have been covered with a coating of foreign soil. The island has thus been rendered extremely productive—cotton, still extensively grown, being the great staple in the time of the Grand Masters, under whom its manufacture was a source of immense wealth. But the fields of beautiful *silla*, or clover, indigenous to Malta, are what will more especially strike the eye of the stranger. It grows from three to five feet from the ground; its luxuriant leaves, surmounted by a large crimson flower, have at a short distance all the beauty of a plantation of China roses. Groups of broad-leaved fig, or carob-trees,

thickets of prickly pear, and gardens filled with pomegranates and vines, and evidently cultivated with extreme care, at intervals also relieve the general meagreness of the landscape, which, after all, gives us the idea of a desert, only to be maintained from lapsing into its native sterility by that same laborious industry which originally reclaimed it from barrenness.

This is the aspect of

#### THE SITE OF CARTHAGE.

How strange seemed all these common places on a spot, which sounds to us at home so remote, so surrounded with a halo of antiquity as Carthage—and how difficult at the place itself to look out of them, and realize that the seat of a dead empire lay outstretched before our eyes! Yet so indeed it was. From the promontory still called Cape Carthage, which forms the western termination of the deep and noble bay, to the fort of the Galetta in its centre, we could trace with difficulty, all along the sea line, the shapeless ruins of what was formerly the great emporium of the Mediterranean, and so long the rival of imperial Rome. Could this be, we asked, the scene of our schoolboy memories of Regulus, of Scipio and Hannibal, of Marius and Cato, of Dido and Æneas? The site of the city is an undulating plain, now green with corn, swept clean of the magnificent piles which once covered it so thickly; the thousand keels which thronged the harbour are also gone, and the daughter of Tyre sits as lonely upon her rock by the sea-shore, as does the progenitor of her commercial greatness. Two buildings alone stand up conspicuously on the site—the chapel of St. Louis, and the fort of the Galetta, memorable for the siege it sustained against the Turks. Tunis is faintly seen at a distance of five miles inland, a mass of white buildings on the side of a hill; and a lofty range of mountains forms a fine termination to the magnificent, but solitary gulf.

*The Crescent and the Cross; or Romance and Realities of Eastern Travel.* By ELIOT WARBURTON, Esq. Eighth Edition. London: Colburn. 1851.

THE eighth edition of a book of Travels is an event almost unparalleled in modern literature. This extraordinary success has not been due, as some have supposed, to the subject, for we have had a hundred travellers in the same regions, but to Mr. WARBURTON's skill in the narration of his adventures. He does not aim at becoming a guide book, nor lumber his pages with crowds of statistics, very dull, if very true, heights and lengths and weights and distances, that convey no distinct ideas to the reader's mind; but he writes as he would talk, makes his friends his companions, tells them the impressions made upon his own mind by what he has seen, and thus creates a sympathy which gives to his narrative the attractiveness that always belongs to personal adventures; in this manner he has produced the most popular book of its class that our time has seen. No person ever began it and voluntarily abstained from reading it through.

It was, therefore, judicious in Mr. WARBURTON, and his enterprising publisher, Mr. COLBURN, to bring out a cheap edition of such a book. There are thousands, who must desire to possess it, who could not afford to procure it in its original costly form, and who will gladly seize the opportunity offered by a reprint of it in one handsome volume, at a moderate price, to place it upon their shelves, where they may return to it again and again, whenever they desire to revive their memories of the East, so brilliantly painted in the pages of *The Crescent and the Cross*.

We will return to this in our next.

#### FICTION.

*Bathurst; or Church, State and Country as they were. A Novel.* By the Author of “Melton de Mowbray,” &c. In 3 vols. London: Newby. 1850.

THE design of this novel is to present and preserve the features of a generation now almost passed away—the time that immediately preceded the first French Revolution, and the mighty changes that have followed that

mightiest of all the recorded eruptions of the passions of humanity. For this purpose the author has laid the scene of his story in Devonshire, in a country place where there was a reverent observance of old ceremonies, and whose manners had not been disturbed by the innovations which even then were stealing into society, and among a circle not yet tainted with French philosophy, then beginning to make itself famous throughout Europe, and by its destructive power to prepare the way for the overthrow of the existing condition of things—the task of reconstruction being beyond its powers.

With so excellent a subject, there needed but a good plot to make an excellent novel, and such an one has been constructed. We shall not tell our readers what it is, because we will not deprive them of the great pleasure they will find in unravelling it for themselves, as they turn over page after page, and devour volume after volume. We only promise them that it will pique their curiosity, excite them to breathlessness sometimes, at others fill their eyes with tears, and occasionally make them merry to laughter. The author is evidently well acquainted with English country scenery, life and manners, and he paints them with the hand of an artist. Many of the sketches in these volumes are equal to the best things of the same class by WASHINGTON IRVING. Indeed, the general character of the composition reminds us forcibly of that charming writer.

But it is not all of Devonshire lanes, and country people, and sights, and pleasures, and troubles; the gay circles of the metropolis are exhibited, and we are introduced to the Prince of WALES and his friends, enjoy the wit of SHERIDAN, and laugh with the jovial companions who gathered round the festive board of that reflex of royalty. Some of these scenes are maintained with extraordinary spirit, the dialogues being positively brilliant.

We recommend our readers to send for *Bathurst* from their circulating libraries; they will thoroughly enjoy its perusal as they lounge over their Christmas fires. It is just the sort of tale for a winter evening or a foggy day.

By-the-by, great fault should be found with the printer. There is scarcely a page which is not deformed with the grossest typographical blunders.

*Pique. A Novel.* In 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1850.

THE name of this new novel indicates its design. The miseries that flow from an indulgence in *pique* constitute the moral lesson intended to be taught. But what is *Pique*? Avoiding dictionary definitions, and viewing it with the eye of a moral philosopher, it may be described as a peculiar form of vanity in combination with a temper not very nicely regulated. The former, too sensitive, sees offences where none were intended, and the latter flies to arms to avenge the supposed insult to the former.

In this novel, MILDRED EFFINGHAM is the lady exhibited as the example of this failing—a lady gifted with almost every quality that could command esteem and admiration; but her virtues cast into shadow, and her happiness, and that of those connected with her, marred by the presence of this *one fault*. The moral is pursued to the end with singular delicacy and tact: the author does not teach by sermonizing, but by pointing to the example. We learn what to avoid by seeing how sorrow attends its presence always. Such lessons are



not forgotten, like mere precepts, which we acknowledge to be quite true, but because they are so true pay little heed to them. It is one thing to know what we ought to do or shun, and another thing to do it or to avoid it. "If to do were as easy as to know what were good to be done, poor men's cottages would be princes' palaces." After all, the only really effective tutor is *example*.

*Pique* is a brilliant novel. The scene is laid in the highest circles of English society, and there is about the personages and the dialogues a *vraisemblance* which appears to indicate a portraiture from the life, for although we cannot boast of an acquaintance with the homes of English nobility, and therefore are unable to give an opinion upon the correctness of the details, there is in *Pique* a certain air of truthfulness and aspect of probability intelligible to everybody, felt if not explicable, which always attends truthfulness of description, and which approves itself to the judgment with, perhaps, as satisfactory a verdict as if an actual comparison had been instituted between the original and the copy. Whether the author belongs to the aristocracy, or has been only an admitted on-looker, is not known, for the name is shrouded in mystery, but we have little doubt that he or she has moved among the circles depicted, as an equal, and taken part in the *elegant life* so vividly reproduced in these sparkling pages.

The various characters who crowd the canvass are drawn with spirit and distinctness. The heroine, composed of such contradictory elements, was a very difficult portraiture, but the effect has been entirely successful. The history of her heart, fondly loving her husband but kept aloof from him by her pique, encouraged by a thoughtless waywardness on his side, is quite a study for a metaphysician. But as a personage who excites the most active interest, we much prefer the warm-hearted, impulsive, inconsiderate, Lady CATHERINE, whose troubles arise from heedlessly yielding to the promptings of feeling, without sufficiently consulting reason. Another skilful portrait is that of Colonel SUTHERLAND, an unprincipled schemer, not, however, without some redeeming qualities, for he could love sincerely and deeply, and whose fate is another warning that honesty is the best policy. Mrs. ST. PRIEST, a toad-eater, whose sole object in life was, *per fas aut nefas*, to be noticed by the great, and to do any work in return for their purchased endurance of her presence, is not a new character, for it was a favourite one with Hook; but it is presented in a new shape, and it meets its reward at last.

The style of the composition is, as we have already remarked, brilliant. There is grace and refinement everywhere; the dialogues are sparkling and dramatic; and the descriptions are sketchy and avoid the sin of being overdone.

It is evident that, in the author of *Pique*, a new and promising addition has been made to the ranks of our novelists. If a first work, much may be anticipated from the experience and maturity of powers already so far above the average of claimants upon the attention of the novel-reading public.

*Auriol, and other Tales.* By W. HARRISON AINSWORTH. London. 1850.

THE twelfth, and we presume, the concluding volume of the cheap edition of Mr. AINSWORTH's fictions. We had not read *Auriol* before, but it is one of the best of the author's works.

*The Mother's Recompense; a Sequel to Home Influence.* By GRACE AGUILAR. London: Groombridge.

THE preface informs us that this beautiful story was completed when the authoress was little above the age of nineteen: yet it has the sober sense of middle age. Its publication is posthumous, the gifted writer having died some time since in the yet immaturity of her extraordinary genius. Hence it is that this work has not received the benefit of the authoress's final corrections, for which allowance must be made by the reader.

*Home Influence* will not be forgotten by any who have perused it, and of this it is sufficient to say that it is a continuation of that history. The object of *Home Influence* was to trace the progress of home education upon that which is of more importance than even intellectual training, the *education of the heart*; the object of *The Mother's Recompense* is to exhibit the effect of that education upon the future lives of the pupils, and its influence upon the happiness of all who come within its beneficent sphere.

The faults of this volume are those common to youthful writers. Its excellencies are all its own. There is no age nor sex that will not profit by its perusal, and it will afford as much of pleasure as of profit to the reader.

*Shadows and Sunshine. A Tale.* By the Author of "Viola." Longman and Co.

A CHRISTMAS story, in a small volume, which may be comfortably read at a sitting, as every Christmas book should be. Its composition is graceful, and the story full of interest, with a good moral, taught by implication from the facts, and not thrust obtrusively forward in didactic strain, so that the reader skips it to go on with the tale it interrupts. The lesson it reads is, that human life has both its shadows and its sunshine, that one is necessary for the full enjoyment of the other, and that the true Christian and philosopher will thank God for both.

*Zenobia; or the Fall of Palmyra.* By the Author of "Julian." London: Simms and McIntyre.

ZENOBIA made some stir in the world when it first appeared a few years since. It is a classical tale, remarkable for the accurate knowledge it displays of ancient history, and the unusual vividness with which the manners, dress, customs, and domestic life of the ancients are depicted. It will be one of the most valuable, if not the most popular, of the additions recently made to that marvel of cheapness *The ParLOUR Library*, which one sees now in every house.

#### RELIGION.

*Popery in Power: or the Spirit of the Vatican; to which is added, Priestcraft, or the Monarch of the Middle Ages, a Drama.* By JOSEPH TURNLEY. London: Wilson.

THIS book reminds us of the very inefficient weapons with which the progress of Popery is usually combated. Zealous Protestants appear to think that they have gained a victory when they have proved that the Religion of Rome is a gigantic scheme of Priestcraft, and therefore of necessity intolerant, cruel, and debasing. Nobody doubts what is the *Spirit of the Vatican*, nor was this book needed to teach us what is *Popery in Power*: the facts are known to everybody. What we really want is, an argument that will confute the pretensions upon which that power is based. The *acts of Rome* are legitimate conclusions from its *principles*. Admit that Rome is spiritually right, and it is difficult to condemn its temporal conduct. If divinely inspired, it is infallible—if infallible, we may not dispute its doings. All conflict with Roman Catholicism must resolve itself at last into the question, "Is the Romish Church a true Church?"

But this question is to be determined by other arguments than proofs that she has been

proud and cruel. If really divine, she has a right to be proud of her pre-eminence; and that which we term cruelty, she will justify by the assertion—very difficult to contest—that as she possesses the truth, and dissent from her is damnation, she is saving souls by crushing heresy, and that, for so good an end no means can be deemed harsh or cruel.

How, then, can she be fought? Certainly not by setting up another infallible Church and saying, "Rome is only a pretender: this is the real Simon Pure: this Church existed before Rome; this is the real infallible Church." Nothing is to be gained by such an exchange. It is but the substitution of one Popery for another—of the Popery of Oxford for the Popery of Rome. Only power is wanting, to make the one as proud and persecuting as the other, because the motive is the same; the principle is the same; and the reasons that rule the conduct of Roman Priestcraft would equally direct the conduct of Oxford Priestcraft.

The progress of Popery can therefore only be stayed by combating the *principle* of Popery.

And the *principle* of Popery is the mediation of the Church between man and his God: that the laity are to believe the Church, and not in any manner to judge for themselves as to what of its teachings are true. This principle is sufficiently intelligible; it flows indisputably from the assumption of apostolical succession. All the pretensions of Rome and of Oxford are legitimate conclusions from this foundation. Destroy *that*, and the whole fabric falls. Leave that unshaken, and there is no resting-place between Protestantism and Rome.

This principle, then, can only be combated by the maintenance of the opposite principle; which is that of *Protestantism*.

The principle of Protestantism is that of the absolute right of private judgment in religious matters. It denies the right of *any* Church or Priest to dictate to a man what is true. It takes the Bible only for its rule and standard of faith, and it claims the unfettered privilege of construing it, each man according to his ability and the light that is in him.

This is *Protestantism*. Anything less than this is an abandonment of its great principle, the absolute liberty of private judgment, and conducts inevitably to Rome; for, if there be no right of individual judgment, if the Bible be not the standard of truth, and the reader's construction of it his guide, if there be any *other* test of divine truth lodged in *any* Church, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that the trust has been confided to Rome.

And that is the conflict which is now commencing. It is not a difference between Roman Popery and Oxford Popery, but between Popery in any shape, and Protestantism; it is between the right of private judgment and the duty of submitting the individual judgment to the dictation of a Church claiming to be infallible by virtue of its apostolical succession.

Seeing that such is the real question at issue, we, and they who hold with us the principles of Protestantism, cannot but view with some dismay the present aspect of the question. In this contest we fear that we may not count upon the assistance of the Church of England. It dares not broach the great principle of Protestantism, because it cannot be denied that its articles, fairly interpreted, would not sustain the conclusion. Those articles were not framed by Protestants, but were a com-

promise between the rival parties, and hence their wavering between the two. Although in practice, and, until of late, in preaching, and in popular belief, and in its own estimation, Protestant, its principles, as contained in its articles, are Popish. This we believe to be the true reason why Tractarianism has been permitted to proceed without check: the authorities in the Church are conscious that, if the question were brought to issue, it would be found that the Tractarians are strictly within the articles, and that would immediately show the necessity for ANOTHER REFORMATION.

And that is the issue to which we must come ere long. The English Church, as it is, cannot successfully combat the Romish Church, because it admits too much of the principles of the latter to maintain an independent position.

What, therefore, remains? To submit? No: but to take refuge in Protestantism; to make the Church of England a Protestant Church in fact and in creed, as it is in name, and so to erect it into an impassable barrier against the opposite principle of Romanism, instead of leaving it, as now it is, a source of danger and weakness—a storehouse for the enemy.

The idea of a new Reformation is formidable at first, and doubtless it would be attended with labour and anxiety and difficulty. But it must be done, and the sooner it is set about, the better for all concerned. It is because we belong to the Church, and love the Church, that we desire to see it taking the foremost place in the ranks of Protestantism in the great conflict that threatens; that we would have her purified and reformed, and made as truly Protestant in fact, as, until lately, her children believed her to be. In future papers we may throw out some hints of practical means for the accomplishment of this end.

#### EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

*Elements of Physical Geography.* By HUGO REID. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd.

THIS is stated on the title page to be for the use of schools and private students. But it is adapted only for very advanced pupils. If intended for children, or even for big boys and girls, it has the defect we have so often noticed in school books, the absence of all endeavour to adapt them to juvenile capacities. It is too learned; too catalogue like; too full of hard words and names, and not sufficiently pictorial of ideas. It is not a geography taught in a new and more intelligible form, so much as a great geography compressed into a small one by omitting all the interesting parts, and leaving only names and numbers. In itself, there is no science so attractive to children, if properly taught; but thus set before them, it will be positively repulsive. We shall not cease to enter our protest against all such books for education, from whomsoever proceeding.

*The Art of Conversation: addressed to the Young.* By WILLIAM HANTY. London: Orger & Co.

AN endeavour to instruct young persons how to talk, or rather what not to talk. The author warns them against the following, among others: "Talking small, is an attempt to be smart and genteel, issuing in cold and gentle dullness." "Talker talker is lively twaddle." "Baldersdash is the noisy twaddle or stuff of a forward or important personage who is allowed to tire the ears of his company with old tales or arguments, generally false, but which no one is at liberty to contradict." "Babble and Gabble are not very definite, except that the latter is generally comprised of more heterogeneous voices, if not languages." "Small Talk is the under current, or that of a person when conversation is turned to familiar subjects." "Twaddle is talk about commonplace events in a commonplace style." In this amusing manner is the author's sensible advice conveyed.

*Elementary Catechisms.* London: Groombridge.

WE have the same fault to find with these catechisms as with nine-tenths of all the school-books that come to us. They are not elementary. They are written in a language wholly unintelligible to a child, and they contain catalogues of names, and quantities of figures, scarcely relieved by anything on which the young mind can form a distinct idea. When will some person make his or her fortune by composing a series of real elementary books, which children can comprehend, and which, because they comprehend, they will learn with pleasure, and when learned, never forget them?

*Stories for Summer Days and Winter Nights.* 2nd Box. London: Groombridge.

A HANDSOME cardboard case, in green and gold, encloses six little story books, each of which tells an instructive and attractive tale, pleasant and profitable for the reading of children. It is an appropriate and very cheap Christmas present.

*The Douglas Family.* By Cousin KATE. Edinburgh: Kennedy.

THIS is really a book written for children as it ought to be. The thoughts and the language are within their comprehension. There is not in it too much of the mere "preachee, preachee" style, its teachings being the silent but far more effective ones of example. There is not a child in all the land who will not be interested in the doings and sayings of *The Douglas Family*, and be the better for the lessons they will have taught. Its tone is strictly pious, without cant; and moral, without the affectation of superior virtue. It is a right wholesome book. We have sent our presentation copy to our nursery, charging that it may be read to and by our little ones.

#### SMALL BOOKS.

VERY few pamphlets have reached us since our last. That class of publication has been almost exclusively occupied of late with polemics and the Pope, and we are happy to say that we have been spared the trouble of noticing the huge piles of ill-temper, bad argument, and trash that have been flung before the public. Our table has one only of the many, to wit, *Papal Aggression considered*, by a Barrister, a defence of the legality of the Pope's Bull, and some arguments in favour of its propriety, although, since the letter of the Duke of Norfolk, the hereditary leader of the English Roman Catholics, this latter assertion will probably not be made by any sensible Roman Catholic, who will rather lament and resent so untoward an invasion of Italian Popery, a very different thing indeed from the respectable Romanism of England, as all who have ever seen Italian Popery will admit.—From the Rev. F. B. ZINCKE we have received a pamphlet entitled *Why must we educate the whole People, and what prevents our doing it?* It is a singularly powerful and convincing argument in favour of national education, that is to say, of an education of the whole nation, by the nation, without sectarian differences, the state teaching secular knowledge, the clergy religious knowledge, each keeping to its proper province, only that the state should require that some religious teacher should have the care of every pupil; his own pastor if he has one, if not, the pastor of the parish. This system would remove all the objections springing from the differences of religious creed on the one side, and from the danger of the absence of religious teaching on the other. It is this which is the aim, we believe, of the great National Education Association recently formed, and which deserves the active support of every Christian philanthropist.—A few *Thoughts for a Young Man*, is the substance of a lecture delivered at Boston, by Mr. HORACE MANN; it forcibly inculcates, by precept and example, the duties of industry, temperance, frugality, and self-denial.—From Mr. W. CRAMP we have received an essay on *Junius and his Works*, the object of which is to remove some objections which have hitherto excluded Lord CHESTERFIELD from his fair claim to the authorship of the *Letters of Junius*. We can do no more than state the fact for the benefit of those who care about the controversy; for our own parts, we could not wade through it for any consideration. It seems

to us very like a waste of brains, time, pens, ink, and paper.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*The British Museum: Historical and Descriptive.* Edinburgh: Chambers.

OF the many excellent works which Messrs. CHAMBERS have given to the public, this will be the most widely useful. There has long been wanted a popular description of the vast collection of objects that meet the eye in this wonderful National Repository. The catalogues afford very little information to the visitor; they are little more than a string of names, dates, and numbers. For any purpose of preliminary information they are worthless. Yet it is necessary for deriving the full benefit from a study of the rooms that the visitor should go provided with a considerable amount of preliminary knowledge. Hitherto, this has been unattainable, but the enterprise of Messrs. CHAMBERS has at length supplied the very handbook which has been so long required, and here it is, so complete in its getting-up, and so cheap, that there are few of the visitors who may not possess themselves of it, and none who can afford to do so should omit to read with attention the description given of each department before he goes to inspect it, and also carry the volume in his hand for constant reference during his visit.

But it is a very instructing, amusing, and readable book for all who have not an opportunity of seeing the Museum itself. It is profusely illustrated with engravings, so that the descriptions may be understood by the stranger at a distance, and almost as much information gathered as from personal inspection. Indeed, more might be learned from the perusal of this volume without a visit, than from a visit without reading the volume.

Its contents are arranged in the order of rooms, and the numbers of the objects are stated, so that reference is very easy. A copious index further assists the inquirer.

*A General Gazetteer, originally compiled by R. BROOKES, M.D., the whole revised and corrected to the present period, by A. G. FINDLAY, F.R.G.S.* London: William Tegg and Co. 1850.

SINCE the issue of the first edition of *Brookes's Gazetteer* (1762), geographical knowledge has been greatly added to. And in importance, as well as extent, have the ramifications of this valuable science increased. Good as was BROOKES's book, it could not provide against the changes which political revolutions and time itself have wrought. Successive editions have been well supported, but, as the editor of the present one remarks, "*Brookes's Gazetteer* of 1792 would afford but a very imperfect picture of the world." Mr. FINDLAY has set to work to adapt the book to present wants, and, if we may judge from a rigid examination of many pages, his labour has been perfectly successful. Nearly 2,000 additional names have been introduced, and "scarcely a single line remains of the original, as compiled by the author whose name it bears." So carefully improved a book cannot fail to maintain the pre-eminence which has hitherto been constantly its own.

*A Manual of the Geography and History of Europe Past and Present.* By FRANCIS UNGEWITTER, LL.D. London: Thomas Delf. 1850.

THE design of this Manual is excellent, but it is sadly inaccurate in details. Its design is to give a description of the Fifty-six European States, in the following order:—Firstly, the statement about area and population, surface, soil, natural products, manufactures, commerce and trade, public finances, form of government, strength of the army, and (with maritimes states) of the navy, and the orders of honour; secondly, the history; and thirdly, the topography of the state. To the whole there is an index, comprising some 10,000 names; and the description of the mountain ranges, rivers, lakes, &c. of Europe has been compressed into one common narrative. As we have said, this would be a valuable book, if correct. There is, however, hardly a page without some egregious blunder as to statistics, topographical position, or otherwise, and which could have been avoided by the exercise of a little care.



*Fulcher's Ladies' Memorandum Book and Poetical Miscellany for 1851.*

COMBINED with all the utilities of a pocket book, this one has for ladies a special attraction. It gives a collection of original poems contributed by most of the poets of our time, as MARTIN TUPPER, ELIZA YOUATT, FRANCES BROWN, and selections from the best poems that have been published in the English and American periodicals during the past year; added to these, for the amusement of persons who like to puzzle themselves, is a large collection of enigmas, charades, &c.

*Health and Wealth; how to get, preserve, and enjoy them.* By JOSEPH BENTLEY. Bentley.

A SIMPLE, intelligible, and yet intelligent treatise on self-government, both of body and mind, so as to secure, in so far as care and prudence can, health, without which there cannot be happiness, and prosperity which is the object of exertion and which cannot be attained without industry and self-denial. This admirable little book conveys the lessons of experience, and good sense characterises every page. It ought to be read universally by young and old. It might be advantageously substituted for three-fourths of the books that lumber the school library.

*The Working Man's Housekeeping Book.* Groombridge.

ALTHOUGH so very small, we notice this book, because it proves to be extremely useful to the class for whom it is prepared, and whom it will help to make more provident and calculating. It is ruled so as to show the expenditure of every week for all the items that enter into the housekeeping of the poor.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

*The Gentleman's Magazine and Historical Review for December*, has added in this new series some new and attractive features to the valuable portion of its ancient contents, and to which it has owed its very, very long life. It has become more historical and less antiquarian. It has enlisted many new contributors of note, and its pages are vastly more varied and interesting. The present number contains some papers that will be read with eagerness. Lord BRAYBROOKE has sent an account of "An Evening with Voltaire;" some Old Ballads have been collected for these volumes by Mr. BRIGHT; Mr. HARVEY has written a "Memoir of the Abbé de Saint Pierre;" Mr. CUNNINGHAM has treated of "Dryden's Quarrel with Flecknoe;" there are reviews of BRITTON'S Autobiography, and Mrs. JAMESON'S Monastic Orders, besides the usual Notes of this Month; Literary and Scientific Intelligence; Antiquarian Researches; Historical Chronicle; and Obituary. We extract, the narrative of

AN EVENING WITH VOLTAIRE.

"Last Saturday, July 4th, 1772, we supped with Voltaire by his own appointment. My relation Tronchin had told him my desire of seeing him, and received the following answer:—'Je suis bien malade, mais cela ne fait rien; venez tous deux ce soir sans cérémonie; si je suis mort, Madame Denis vous donnera à souper; si je suis en vie, nous boirons ensemble.' My son (the late Lord Braybrooke) preserves the original as a precious relic: (still existing at Andley End.) Fortunately for us, not a soul was with him but his own family, consisting of Madame Denis his niece, Mons. and Madame Fleurian, Père Adam the Jesuit,\* and a poor little subdued soul, Mons. Durry, his secretary. These, with Tronchin, my son, and myself, formed his whole audience: yet did he seem as well pleased and as communicative as he could have been in a circle of admiring authors. From his note I was afraid we should have found him in low spirits, but on our return home Mons. Tronchin told us he always holds that language, that, should he dislike his company, he may have a better pretence for leaving the room. In fact he is famous for having a colic at command, and being seized frequently with it. This explanation raised our vanity, which had been a little tickled before by Madame de Fleurian's

\* This was the person whom Voltaire once introduced to a friend, in the following words:—"Monsieur, j'ai l'honneur de vous présenter le Père Adam, mais gardez vous bien de croire que c'est le premier des hommes."

telling me she had not seen her dear papa (as she calls him) in such spirits for a great while. I will endeavour to recollect some of his sentiments, and put them down as they occur.—Speaking of Dryden's Ode, he called it "La plus belle Ode écrite depuis Pindare." He wished it had been well set to music; we told him it had, by Handel; he seemed delighted. I asked him what he thought of Pope's on the same subject; he answered, "Comme d'un carrosse coupé traîné par deux petits chevaux noirs, fort jolis, suivant de loin un char triomphant, attelé de six chevaux blancs." &c.—Speaking of Pope himself, he said he had "ni gaité, ni tendresse, ni imagination, mais qu'il avait du goût, qu'il savait faire de beaux vers, et choisir toujours le mot le plus propre, et qu'il avait aussi—that best and wisest art, the art to blot." Upon our mentioning the Rape of the Lock as a proof of imagination, he said it was "plât, glacé," &c.—Boileau and his *Lutrin* fared no better than Pope and his *Rape*. He would scarcely allow Boileau any other merit than that of having taught the French to write good verses. But the *Dispensary* came off in great triumph, nor would he even admit any part of the merit of that poem to have been due to the *Lutrin*. To us this seemed a flagrant instance of the force of jealousy in rival authors.—He said he had spent three months with Swift, that he was morose "et plaisantait sérieusement."—He spoke well of Arbuthnot, and of Gay as the most amiable of companions.—The Duchess of Queensberry he had always found "belle, brillante, et fière." I told him she was so still, and repeated to him Horace Walpole's Epigram upon the occasion,—

To many a Kitty, Love his car  
Would for a day engage;  
But Prior's Kitty, ever fair,  
Obtained it for an age.

He perfectly well remembered Prior's Ode, and was so well pleased with Walpole's use of it, that he made me repeat the epigram three times.—Of all authors, living or dead, he detests Rousseau most. "Il est fou d'orgueil, un cynique qui a tout le fiel, non pas de Diogène, mais de son chien." It seems Jean Jacques wrote him a letter, which ended, "Bref, je vous hais; et je vous hais comme un homme que j'ai cherché à aimer." Their great quarrel was chiefly founded on their different sentiments about having a playhouse at Geneva.—I could not help telling him I wondered that the author of *Merope* could admire Cato; "J'avoue," said he, "qu'il est froid, mais de cette glace Addison a fait un superbe diamant." He then said that he had censured fully the foolish love scenes and farfetched conspiracies so introduced in Cato, in his preface to *Zaire*. He can speak as freely of crowned heads as of authors.—Talking of the great strides the House of Savoy has made, considering its origin as comtes of St. Maurienne, "Possession contre laquelle je n'aurais pas troqué mon Fernay." He told, admirably well, the fable of the Eagle, Cat, and Wild Sow, and when ended, cried "Voilà l'histoire de la Maison de Savoie."—He charged my son to remember that he had it from his mouth, that not four months ago the King of Prussia had sent him "un poème en quatre chants contre les Confédérés, signé Frederick." Various were his gestures to express the absurdity of the King's treating such a subject at such a time, and on being asked, if at least the verses were good, he said, "J'ai reçu de lui des vers qui étaient vers d'un poète, ceux-ci sont des vers d'un roi."—I think we shall yet see strictures on Lord Clive's defence.—"J'ai donné tant de millions à mon secrétaire, tant à un favori, tant à un autre, tant à une maîtresse; que voulez vous de plus, Messieurs?"—We had some talk of Admiral Byng, and great indignation was expressed by Madame Denis, and assented to by nods from Voltaire, against a nephew of Byng's, who had told Voltaire his uncle deserved his fate, and he was glad of it.—He is convinced Lord Bolingbroke would have persuaded Queen Anne to have declared the Pretender her heir had she lived a few months longer, but exculpated Harley from any such thought. He observed, that we had not had an Englishman on the throne since Edward the Confessor; and on its being remarked that France and most other kingdoms drew the origin of their princes likewise from Germany, "Il est vrai," said he, "l'Allemagne est le pays aux rois, mais Louis XV. s'est bien Gallicisé."—He was reserved about Russia and Poland, and the partition of the latter. He only said the King of Prussia would take good care of himself,

and that the King of Poland would be a certain gainer by the arrangement, as he would at least have a house to sleep quietly in, which he had not done since he wore a crown. With regard to Russia he had some apprehensions, his Cathos (so he calls the Empress) was not quite so easy, but probably the reports in the papers were without foundation.—Talking of Garrick, he said, he wished he could see him act before he died; and told a silly story that Garrick, when at Geneva, would not go to see him because he had written irreverently against Shakespeare. "On me déchire à Londres comme un ennemi de Shakespeare; je suis, il est vrai, choqué et rebuté de ses absurdités, mais je ne suis pas moins frappé de ses beautés, et l'on trouvera après ma mort une édition de lui avec les beaux passages marqués de ma main, et en grand nombre.—He told me that he never could speak fluently or understand English as spoken in common conversation, and that he never at the play could follow without a book any actors, except Booth and Mrs. Oldfield.—What he said about sacred history was only a repetition of what he has so often stated in print, and were it not I should scarcely enter his observations upon that subject here. One thing, however, I must not omit, he has found out in *Berosus*\* that King Chichuter, after the irruption of the Black Sea, which drowned all his country, fitted out an ark, and found out the waters were subsiding by the birds not returning to the vessel. Various were his flings at Christianity, but he is a strong anti-materialist, as he has particularly declared himself to be in a late work, "Les Cabales."—He is very susceptible of flattery, consequently a well-turned compliment must please. Such was one Mons. Tronchin paid him, as quick as lightning. Voltaire, after repeating some passages of Garth, Dryden, &c. said, "Je ne lis que les vers des autres." "Ma foi!" said Tronchin, "les autres vous le rendent bien." No lady ever received more compliments than he did upon his eyes: "Qu'importe," said he, "que les fenêtres soient bonnes, quand les murailles tombent?"—On expressing our amazement at his memory, he said, "C'est l'effet de mon malheureux métier de compilateur."—These are nearly all his remarks, nay, his exact words, during our stay with him, which was till past twelve. He very civilly and graciously thanked us for the visit, and hoped to see us again, and attended us to our very carriage though so late at night.†

*The Eclectic Review*, for December, opens with an interesting sketch of some incidents in the Hungarian war. JONES'S singularly ill-written recollections of rebuked CHANTREY are there with becoming spirit. Dr. CHALMERS'S memoirs are reviewed more favourably, as they deserve to be. In keeping with the character of this review, which is the organ of the Presbyterians, are the articles on "Millenarianism;" on "Maunder's History of the Puritans;" and on "Dr. Cumming's Sermon before the Queen." The paper of most immediate interest is that entitled "The Rival Hierarchies and the Duty of Dissenters." The writer attributes the Papal invasion, and the revived hopes and arrogance of Rome, entirely to the corruptions of the Church of England. But the duty of the Dissenters is stated to be, not to suffer themselves to be hurried on by a cry of No Popery, and vent their indignation on Rome, when it is most needed for dangers at home. They are recommended not to ask the interference of the Legislature in an ecclesiastical dispute, lest, if intolerance be once acknowledged by law, it be extended to themselves; but to reform the Church and make it more Protestant and Christian is the true defence against the dangers from Rome.

*Tallie's Dramatic Magazine and Review* for December, fully sustains the promise of the first number. It contains a portrait of Miss GLYN; the same lady in the character of *Lady Macbeth*; articles on the attack upon the drama, by the Rev. F. CLOSE of Cheltenham, in which the arguments of that divine are triumphantly answered; on the Rise and Progress of the Drama throughout Europe; a most amusing narrative of "The Early Days of the American Stage;" a very able cri-

\* Berosus, a priest of the Temple of Belus in the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus. The only genuine writings of Berosus now remaining are a few fragments preserved by Josephus. The book which passes under his name is universally allowed to be a fabrication, probably of Annius of Viterbo, in the sixteenth century.

† Voltaire was then in his 79th year.

tique, on the drama in the metropolis, and in the provinces, on the Continent, and in America. A new feature of these notices is, a complete record of the performances every day at each of the Theatres. To all lovers of the drama, this new Magazine will be most acceptable. It is, we believe, edited by Mr. T. H. HORNE.

Mr. PHELPS has undertaken the congenial task of editing the works of SHAKSPEARE. This edition will be unique in this, that it is the first that has been edited by an actor, and as there is ample scope for the introduction of a new kind of criticism, namely, how SHAKSPEARE should be read as well as printed, the public may anticipate a valuable contribution to its literature. This first part contains *The Tempest*. A brief introduction precludes it, and one hundred interesting notes to the play are appended. We only regret that these excellent notes were not placed at the foot of the page, instead of being thrown together at the end of the play, for few readers will take the trouble of reference to any other page, and they are too good to be wasted. We would recommend a change even now. Better that, than mar the usefulness of the whole. Two very clever engravings further add to its attractions.

Mr. Albert Smith's *Adventures of Christopher Tadpole*. Part III. continues to be very amusing, and the illustrations by LEECH are such as his pencil only could produce.

*Tallis's Illustrated London*. Part I. and II. is the commencement of a work intended to be a guide to the metropolis during the Exhibition of next year. Each part contains no less than thirteen views engraved on steel, so that in beauty and intrinsic worth it far surpasses anything of the kind that has ever been produced, and the details are very full and accurate.

*The Edinburgh University Calendar for 1850* is a useful handbook for students and their friends.

*Favourite Song Birds*. Nos. VI. and VII. An elegant little work, devoted to the feathered songsters of Great Britain, their haunts, habits, and characteristic traits, with coloured illustrations.

*Letts's Diary for 1851*. This work has been long famous. It is got up with great care, and experience has enabled the proprietors to introduce into it everything which can add to its utility as a book which, because always at hand, is the most valuable of all for purposes of reference. It is ruled so as to suit every kind of taste, and all wants, from two pages for each day, to three days on a page.

*The Practical Mechanic's Journal*. Part XXXIII., for December, is a periodical devoted to manufactures and inventions. It is profusely illustrated, and contains a full account of all new patents, besides articles on the sciences with which it is associated. It contains every kind of information useful to practical men, and is very cheap.

*King's College Magazine*, for December, contains some very respectable juvenile compositions in various styles and of various merit. "The Natural History of Students," in the ALBERT SMITH style, is amusing. The "Notes on Natural History" have a higher purpose. It also has two views of Oxford. This magazine deserves the support of the King's College boys, and is really creditable to them.

*The Family Economist*. Vol. III. This new volume is even an improvement upon its predecessors, of whom we have had occasion to speak with great praise. It is a penny monthly magazine, and for the penny is given a vast variety of really useful and interesting reading, prose and poetry, which will be pleasant and profitable in the humblest homes. The volume is a little treasure for persons of small means, and the best of us may gather knowledge from it.

*The Family Herald*, for November, contains the usual variety of very good extracts, and very indifferent original contributions, and the work would be improved by an extension of the former and a curtailment of the latter.

*The Cottage Gardener's Dictionary*, by GEORGE W. JOHNSON. Part I. is the first number of an inexpensive Cyclopædia of Gardening for the use of amateurs as well as of scientific gardeners. It is profusely illustrated with beautiful engravings, and will be an indispensable handbook to the horticulturist. This first number, for a few pence, only extends as far as the word *Apple*.

*Half-Hours with the best Authors*. Part IX., edited by Mr. KNIGHT, with his usual good taste, contains the choicest passages from the greatest writers of all countries, one devoted as a reading for each day in the year. It forms an astonishing constellation of beauty.

*Pictorial Half-Hours*. Part VII. is also edited by Mr. KNIGHT, and it is a collection of some of the most beautiful and interesting of his vast repertoire of engravings, with illustrations in prose and verse, so that there is pleasure for the eye and improvement for the mind at a wonderfully small cost.

*Knight's Cyclopædia of the Industry of all Nations*. Part I. is in fact a dictionary of art, manufacture, and commerce, compiled with great care, and brought down to the present state of each. This first part extends to the word "Andes."

*Knight's Pictorial Shakspeare*. Part IV. contains the play of *King John*. This national edition differs from the former one only in its cheapness. It is printed in a bold and handsome type, and most profusely illustrated.

*The British Gazetteer*. Part XX. contains two county maps and a view of the Peterborough Railway Station. It brings down the Gazetteer to the letter L., and having had occasion to refer to it, we can state from our own experience that its information is most complete and satisfactory.

*The People's and Howitt's Journal*, for November, contains four excellent woodcuts, specimens of the art, and a great variety of pleasant and profitable reading, original and select.

*Knight's Cyclopædia of London*. Part I. is an abbreviation, with corrections, of his former famous work on London in six volumes. This part contains the Parks, the Gardens, the Royal Palaces, and the Palace of Westminster. It forms a sort of Strangers' Guide, as well as a most curious and amusing book for reading.

*The National Cyclopædia of Useful Knowledge*. Part XLVII. KNIGHT. This part contains from "Tree, Cotton," to "Ural." There are several papers on which much labour seems to have been bestowed.

*The Law Times Sheet Almanack for 1851*. This Almanack is constructed entirely with reference to the requirements of the lawyers. It contains a vast mass of information needed for reference in offices, such as the Time Tables in all the Courts and in the County Courts; the New Stamp Tables; Tables of Interest, Income Tax, Distribution of Estate; Law Officers and Offices, &c. It is, we observe, stamped for transmission by post, and its price is singularly small for so large a quantity of matter.

*Dublin University Magazine*. The December number of this periodical opens with an elaborate review of the writings of ALISON. We think the author of this paper would have done better if he had viewed the brilliant historian of "Europe during the French Revolution" more as the graphic illustrator of the wondrous period of which he wrote than as a sort of conservative pamphleteer. There is, however, much merit in the article. "Leaves from the Portfolio of a Manager" is a racy sketch of the various incidents of dramatic life. The article on Blackie's *Æschylus* will be a treat to the classical scholar. Maurice Tiernay's adventures, are continued with unabated interest. The chapters which this number contains, present an interesting sketch of the State of the west of Ireland in the Autumn of 1798.

There are some amusing tales, some good poetry, and an article on Lord JOHN RUSSEL's letter respecting the recent appointment of Roman Catholic Bishops in England.—(From our Dublin Correspondent.)

*Duffy's Fireside Magazine*. December. This is an excellent number. GERALD GRIFFIN's novel, "The Irish Giant," is continued, and increases in interest. "Pioneers" (an account of Mr. ROGERS's Peat Charcoal Manufacture), is an article which contains a profitable lesson for the real friend of Irish progress. "An unpleasant Hour amongst the Dyaks of Borneo" will afford by no means an unpleasant hour to a reader. "Carrer Bell" is an excellent critique on the works of that gifted writer, and gives evidence of the possession of excellent judgment. There is an article on the "Medical Management of Children," in which a great deal of useful information is conveyed in a familiar tone. "Our Junior," a love tale of mercantile life, possesses much interest. "Spanish Tintings," contains a pleasant description of Cadiz and the surrounding country. "Irish Chronicles," (which, notwithstanding its title, is a domestic story) will well repay perusal. The poetry is

excellent, and altogether the entire number is most creditable to all engaged in its production.—(From our Dublin Correspondent.)

## A BOON TO MEMBERS OF BUILDING SOCIETIES.

GREAT as are the advantages of Building Societies in almost every other respect, they have one great drawback. In case of the death of the member before his subscriptions are paid up, and his property is free, the future payments fall as a heavy and often ruinous burden upon his family.

This great obstacle to their success has been completely removed by an admirable plan adopted by the *Law Property Assurance and Trust Society*, by which the members of Building Societies are relieved from the burden of keeping up payments in case of death, so that their families receive the property altogether released from the charge. It is thus contrived:—

On payment by a member of a very trifling annual premium to the Law Property Assurance Office, the Society will engage to pay his Building Society all future payments that may become due in case of his death. Thus is he relieved from the anxiety whereby a member of a Building or Freehold Land Society must feel, lest the accidents of life should throw a burden upon his family at the very time when it will be most inconvenient to them to bear it.

Already many persons are availing themselves of this advantage, and every person buying property through a Building Society ought to do so.

How small the payment is to secure this great advantage appears from the following:—

A person of the age of 20 may insure his subscriptions for 22s. 7d. per year only; at 30, for 29s. 6d.; at 40, for 38s. 10d.

Who would not gladly pay this trifle for the sake of the peace of mind and absolute security to his family which he will purchase by it?

We observe that the plan of the *Law Property Assurance Society* has been strongly recommended in the Preface to Mr. STONE's recent work on Building Societies.

Let every one of our readers who is a member of such a society take this suggestion into consideration, and lose no time in securing himself and his family against the accidents and chances of life, by forthwith effecting a Building Society Policy with the *Law Property Assurance Society*.

## MUSIC.

*A Practical Treatise on Musical Composition*. By G. W. BOHNER. Second part. Counterpoint. Longman and Co. 1850.

THIS is an elaborate introduction to the science of Counterpoint, of which so many who believe themselves masters of music are in truth woefully ignorant. Mr. BOHNER has sought to teach it in a series of lessons comprised in eighteen chapters, following every lesson with many examples. It is the best—indeed, almost the only, accessible work on the subject, and should be studied by all who desire not merely to play mechanically, but to understand music as a science, and without which excellence is unattainable.

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT CHAT.

MR. NOTTER, well known to the older playgoers, from the circumstance that he officiated for seventeen years as box-bookkeeper in the English days of Covent-garden, will take a benefit at the Haymarket on Tuesday, the 17th instant.—Mr. Bartley, so long and so deservedly a favourite with the public, returns for a



brief period to the stage. Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to command a performance by this gentleman at Windsor Castle, and the *First Part of Henry IV.* will be played there, Mr. Bartley sustaining the part of *Falstaff*. The management of the Princess's Theatre avail themselves of the occasion to afford Mr. Bartley an opportunity of again appearing before the public in this character—one in which he certainly has no living competitor. Mr. Bartley's first performance takes place on Saturday next (this day.)—At the sale of the late Duke of Cambridge's musical library on Thursday, the most remarkable lots were the musical instruments: of these, a violin by Stradivarius, stated to have been his late Royal Highness's favourite instrument, sold for 115*l.* 10*s.*; and his favourite bow sold for 7*l.* 7*s.* Another violin by Stradivarius sold for 140*l.*; a tenor, by Amati, seemed to be cheap at 23*l.* 2*s.*; and a violoncello, said to be by Antonius Stradivarius, but not in perfect condition, sold for 71*l.* 8*s.*—Madame Sontag has appeared in *La Figlia del Reggimento*, at the Italian theatre, Paris, with great success. Mr. Lumley has, without question, got the charm of inducing the French to do for him what they will not do for one another. In his favour, we are told, M. Victor Hugo has rescinded the prohibition which has till now rendered the representation of *Lucrezia Borgia* and *Ernani* impossible at the Italian Opera of Paris. He has also engaged M. Duprez, Mademoiselle Caroline Duprez, and M. Ivanoff, who has been singing on the other side of the Alps for these many years past, and *The Morning Post* tells us that he intends to produce a new opera, in four acts, by M. Héguet, a French composer.—The receipts at twenty concerts in the United States, given by Jenny Lind, amounted to 250,000 dols. Parodi is not recognised as a *rival* to the Swedish Nightingale. Her success, though great, is not of the very highest order.—The Berlin police have prohibited the performance of a piece at the Wilhelmstadt theatre, entitled *Ferdinand von Schill*, founded on the adventures of the lieutenant of that name, who led a desperate expedition in the war of Liberation in 1813. The allusions to the present state of affairs were too exciting.

## ART JOURNAL.

*Fifteen Designs, illustrating Tears.* By Miss JESSIE MACLEOD. With *Illustrative Poems*, by MARY ELIZABETH. London: Ackermann & Co. 1851.

A SUPERB Christmas Present and New Year's Gift. Fifteen exquisite lithographs from original drawings by Miss MACLEOD depict those eras in life which are baptised and usually sanctified by tears. The first represents "the Tear of Joy," a warrior returning to his home, his anxious wife and children hailing him from the turret of the castle in which they have languished during his long absence. "The Tear of Despair" is less pleasing, for it drops as the girl throws herself into the calm river in whose bosom she hopes to rest. The expression of the face is very fine. "The Tear of Repentance" is that holy one of the repentant prodigal kneeling at his father's feet; the old man is a study of benevolence. "The Tear of Regret" is prompted by a parting from home long loved to tread the rough ways of the world. "The Tear of Pride" is dropped by a wife compelled by her husband's follies to sell her jewels to a Jew whose figure is worthy of Rembrandt. "The Tear of Childhood" is a pretty drawing, but it tells no story. "The Tear of Agony" is the most powerfully told of any; a youth is carried away, manacled, to death or slavery, and his mother hangs about his neck and will not part with him. "The Tear of Happiness" is sweetly shown in a mother smiling over the cradle of her first-born. "The Tear of Disappointment" expresses the anguish of the soul, although the youth's head is buried in his arms as he leans over the table; he has failed in obtaining a prize upon which his heart was set; it is the first repulse his ambition has received. "The Tear of Memory" is indicated by a fair one weeping in her recollections of past hours of pleasure now for ever lost to her; the Holy Book before her is unread; memory will wander. "The Tear of Remorse" is that bitter one which the murderer sheds as he contemplates the corpse of his victim; it is very powerful. "The Tear of Hopeless Love" trickles down the cheek of the lady in her bower, and "The Tear of Grief" is shed by manly eyes upon the dead form of a dear wife. "The Tear of Charity" is a sweet, attractive, and holy tear, as she relieves the woe that had just declared itself. The group is a beautiful bit of drawing. And

lastly, "The Tear of Jealousy" admirably expresses that most terrible passion; only the hand of an artist could have so painted the emotion upon the face. These drawings are accompanied each one with an illustrative poem of very respectable quality, and the whole forms, with its magnificent binding, in itself a marvel of art, the most attractive gift book which the season has produced.

*The Art Journal*, for December, completes the volume or the present year, not only with full performance of the promises with which it opened, but surpassing them, and therefore giving the best assurance that the still greater promise for the coming year will be faithfully redeemed. This number contains further portions of the Vernon Gallery. Sir W. ALLAN's *Arabs dividing Spoil*, and LANE's *Enthusiast*—an invalid fishing for minnows in a tub. In addition to this there is a wonderfully delicate engraving—a very gem of art—of JENNINGS's statue, called *The Birth of the Rose*; numerous woodcuts of art manufactures; illustrations of passages from the poets, by HULME and HARVEY;—a portrait of Sir J. W. GORDON, the painter; and articles on Preparations for the Exhibition on the Continent; notices of all new works of art, and of the galleries; and, indeed, a complete history of the progress of art during the month. It is by far the cheapest and most beautiful periodical that issues from the British Press.

## TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

A LAMENTABLE disaster happened in the Vatican gallery during the late stormy weather, one of the most beautiful vases in the whole collection having been dashed into a thousand fragments. This vase, of extraordinary size, was the identical one containing the ashes of the sons of Germanicus, or, according to some antiquarians, of Augustus himself, which was found in the vicinity of the mausoleum of Augustus.—*Pilgrim's Progress*, a panorama illustrating this universally-popular allegory has been painted and exhibited at New York. The idea is surely well worth artistic adoption in London.—The King of Bavaria has formed the gigantic design of causing to be executed a series of pictures on subjects derived from the annals of all times and all nations—the whole being destined to form a sort of pictorial universal chronology.—At a late meeting of the Institute of British Architects, in conversation after an interesting lecture by Mr. Digby Wyatt on "the Polychromatic Decorations in Italy from the Twelfth to the Fifteenth Century," Mr. Godwin hinted that a great work of this kind which has been reserved for this country in the nineteenth century—the proper decoration of St. Paul's—is about to be taken in hand. "No one could now go into that whited sepulchre without wondering that it had been so long left unfinished. The Dean and Chapter, he believed, had long ago made up their minds that something should be done; but it was more difficult to determine on the description of paintings and painted glass to be applied."—The prize of 50*l.* offered by the Art-Union Society of Glasgow for the best picture exhibited this year in the Exhibition of that city has, we learn, been awarded to Mr. E. M. Ward, A.R.A., for his "James the Second receiving the news of the landing of the Prince of Orange at Torbay,"—noticed in terms of commendation in our columns when it appeared at the last Exhibition in the Royal Academy. A similar sum was given a few years ago for the picture of "The Fallen Minister," by the Art-Union of Liverpool.—At the Royal Foundry at Munich three statues are casting in bronze of Gustavus Adolphus, for Gottenburgh, of the Swedish poet, for Stockholm, and of Walter of Plettenberg, a celebrated Livonian General, the last modelled by Schwanthaler.—It is said the Coliseum at Rome is in process of restoration! "A large portion of the garland forest," says a letter quoted in the *Athenaeum*, "that so beautified and adorned the walls, has disappeared before time and colouring stuff."

The *Leader* says:—"The ex-Emperor of Austria, surprised to find, in one of his visits to Venice, that no monument had been erected to the memory of Titian, ordered, at his own expense, the construction of one worthy of the immortal painter. He left the Academy of Venice the choice of the form of the monument, and of the site on which it should be erected. The Academy confided the monument to one of its members, M. Zandomeni, professor of sculpture. This gentleman's design is on rather a colossal scale. It comprises a large statue of Titian between two allegorical figures, one representing the sixteenth century, the other the present one. Near the Titian rises another figure

intended to represent Universal Nature, and indicating, we are told, that Titian was capable of representing nature in every form; and, in addition to this group, there is a figure of the Genius of Painting weeping, and another of a woman who represents the city of Venice, placing, in tears, a crown on the artist's tomb. Finally, the basso-reliefs which are to decorate the pedestal represent the first composition of Titian for which he gained a prize when a pupil, and his last unfinished painting on which he worked, on the eve of his death (both of these are in the Academy of Venice.) The monument is to be placed in the Church of St. Mary of Frari, near that of Canova. It will be inaugurated in about a year's time, with great pomp."—Two pictures by M. Otto Meyer, who has obtained a high reputation at Berlin as a distinguished representative of the modern Prussian school, are now on view at Messrs. Colnaghi's, Pall-mall East. M. Meyer commenced his career as a pensioner of the Berlin Academy, having gained the stipend for a journey to Italy, which is thrown open to competition from time to time by that institution. In Italy he remained upwards of four years, during which he painted several *genre* pictures, and amongst them one called "The Smokers," full of lively humour and colouring, which was purchased by the Prince of Prussia, and of which he afterwards painted a duplicate to order. During his stay at Rome, being prevented by illness from painting, M. Meyer amused himself with an attempt at sculpture. He modelled in small size a sitting faun holding a bunch of grapes in its right hand. This figure was universally admired in Rome for its classical spirit, and was bought by the Berlin Academy, who had a cast made from it. On his return from Italy he brought with him a large picture representing the "October Feast in Rome," which is remarkable for the successful way in which a scene from every-day life is presented from a very poetical point of view. This picture first brought the artist into prominent notice, and is about to be engraved in Paris. On submitting his sketches from nature to the Berlin Academy, he received a very flattering letter from the Senate, coupled with an order from the King for a large landscape, to which branch of art and portrait painting M. Meyer has resolved to restrict himself. One on the two pictures exhibited by Messrs. Colnaghi represents a group of Italian women, with a child, seated on the ruins of an ancient building, and amusing themselves with watching the progress of a donkey on the back of which is a boy fast asleep. The animal is wandering without restraint, whilst a dog is barking at him. The other picture represents a female peasant and child crossing a plank over a ruinous trench. The child carries a lamb, and a dog is introduced preceding the party and barking at them in a sportive manner. The landscape in both these pictures is very classical, and partakes of the manner of the Italian school. The figures are well drawn and full of life, and the colouring is exceedingly beautiful.

## DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

## PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS NOW OPEN IN LONDON.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Drama; every night, at seven. Prices: boxes, 5*s.*; second circle, 4*s.*; pit, 3*s.*; gallery, 1*s.* HAYMARKET THEATRE.—Drama; every night, at seven. Prices: first circle, 5*s.*; second circle, 4*s.*; pit, 2*s.*; gallery, 1*s.* OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Drama; every night, at seven. Prices: boxes, 3*s.*; pit, 2*s.*; gallery, 1*s.* SADRIN'S WELLS THEATRE.—Drama; every night, at seven. Prices: boxes, 2*s.*; pit, 1*s.*; gallery, 6*d.* SURREY THEATRE.—Drama; every night, at seven. Prices: first circle, 4*s.*; second circle, 3*s.*; pit, 2*s.*; gallery, 1*s.* MARLBOROUGH THEATRE AND LONDON ENGLISH OPERA.—Drama (at present), every night. Prices: COLLOSSEUM.—Panoramas and varieties; day and night. Price: 2*s.* BURFORD'S PANORAMA, Leicester Square.—Day, 10, to dusk. Price: 1*s.* each. DIORAMA, Regent's Park.—Day, 10, to dusk. Prices: first place, 1*s.*; second place, 6*d.* POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—Science, &c.; day and night. Price, 1*s.* PANORAMA OF NILE.—Daily, at 3 and 8. Prices: stalls, 2*s.*; pit, 1*s.*; gallery, 6*d.* PHILLIPS'S LITERARY, VOCAL, AND SCENIC ENTERTAINMENT, including Dioramas, &c. Daily at 3 and 8 o'clock. Prices: 1*s.* and 2*s.* for reserved seats. (St. Martin's Lane.) FREE EXHIBITIONS OF THE INVENTIONS OF THE YEARS 1850-1. Daily. John Street, Adelphi. EXHIBITION OF MODERN BRITISH ART.—Old Water Colour Society. Daily. Price: 1*s.* THE WINTER EXHIBITION OF WATER COLOUR DRAWINGS AND SKETCHES IN OIL. Daily. Admission, 1*s.* DIORAMA OF AUSTRALIA.—Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, at 3, half-past 7, and 9; other days at 3 & 8. Leicester Square, (west side.) Admission 1*s.*; reserved seats, 2*s.* DIORAMA OF THE GANGES, 316, Regent Street.—At half-past 2 and half-past 7 p.m. Admission 1*s.*; reserved seats, 2*s.* 6*d.*

BREES' INDIA.—At 1, 3, half-past 6, and half-past 8. Admission 3s., 2s., and 1s.

OUR EASTERN EMPIRE, Willis's Rooms, St. James's, every day, at 2 p. m., and on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays, at 5 p. m. Admission, 1s.; reserved seats, 2s. 6d.

LINWOOD GALLERY, Leicester Square.—Daily at 1, 3, and 8. Admission, 1s.

TUSSAUD AND SON, WAXWORK EXHIBITION, Baker Street.—Daily. Admission, 1s.

CANTELO'S ROYAL INCUBATOR, 4, Leicester Square.—Daily. Admission, 1s.

HAYMARKET.—MACREADY is continuing his round of characters, preliminary to his final leave-taking. For the first time in London, he has appeared as *Richard II.*, but the play failed from extreme weakness as an acting drama, not through the fault of the actor, for MACREADY has seldom displayed the resources of his genius to such advantage as in this impersonation. He was the weak, fallen king to the last, wavering between pride of birth and physical incapacity, with a wonderful appreciation of the delicacy of the portraiture. On Wednesday, he appeared for the last time in comedy, as *Mr. Oakley*, in *The Jealous Wife*, and his performance of it makes us the more regret that we have not oftener seen him in this walk of the drama; there was an ease and gentleman-like demeanour throughout, which would have amazed those who have been accustomed to tremble before his bursts of passion in tragedy. MRS. WARNER'S *Mrs. Oakley* deserves the warmest commendation. On Thursday he revived *Virginus*, his best character, and that in which he has always commanded the largest audiences; and the enthusiasm was unbounded. All who have not yet seen MACREADY, should hasten to visit him before his retirement, or years hence they will regret that they have omitted the opportunity of hearing one who will then be deemed the greatest actor of his age.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—*The Templar*, and *Betsy Baker*, continue to draw increasing crowds. The Theatre grows more full every night, as the merits of these plays come to be generally known and talked about by those who have seen them.

THE LYCEUM THEATRE.—The management have made a bold venture, and with perfect success. By Mr. PLANCHE's aid, they have resorted to the French style for material, which he has worked into a most attractive melodrama. *A Day of Reckoning* is compounded of the roguery of low and high life, of refined sentiment, of startling impersonations of the viciousness and the goodness which novelists delight to depict, and which are to be found in the most antagonistic places. The plot is by no means well defined, but the play is full of startling incidents, and the dialogue is smart throughout. *Count D'Arenthal* (Mr. C. MATHEWS) is an unprincipled rascal, who, having squandered his fortune and fled to France, retrieves his fortunes and resumes his place in society, by marrying a real lady of rank, who, deceived as to his character and position, has been induced by circumstances to give him her hand, though her heart remains with *M. de Barville*, a brave naval officer. The lady, a model of virtue, still maintains an intercourse with her old lover, limited, of course, on her part, to the purest friendship, though it provokes the constant taunts of her worthless lord. The countess has accidentally discovered a poor sick woman, whom she has frequently visited incognito for the purpose of relieving her distress. This woman's husband, a respectable tradesman, had been ruined by trusting the count to a great amount, before he fled to escape from his creditors. The tradesman's son, *Marcel Moreau*, at the opening of the piece, is on a journey, endeavouring to find out the debtor who has ruined his father; and returns to Paris to find that his mother has died in his absence, and his father been thrown into prison. He discovers that this debtor, *Count Arenthal*, is living in wealth and splendour. He goes to his house to demand payment, which the count refuses with contemptuous *nonchalance*, and turns him out of the house. Burning with rage, and driven to despair, he is induced by the persuasions and sophistries of a ruffian, who pretends to be his friend, to join him in a plan for robbing the count's house the next night, his friend telling him that there is no time in taking what in justice he ought to have had. He enters the house at midnight, and in the countess's room he finds a trinket of his mother's, which at her dying request had been sent to the countess. Heart-struck at the sight, he is rushing from the room when he meets the countess, who is about to give the alarm. Falling on his knees, he implores her forgiveness, and tells all. The result is that the countess pays the count's debt, takes the young man into her household, and leaves Paris for her own estate on the coast. Here she is residing, when her old lover, who has been on service, returns with his ship to Cherbourg, and her husband arrives at the same time at the Countess's

chateau. They meet under circumstances that produce a challenge; which young *Moreau* overhearing, he resolves to avenge his own quarrel by meeting the Count himself, instead of *M. de Barville*. Misleading them, by a pretended message from the one to the other, as to the place of rendezvous, he accompanies the Count in the capacity of a domestic, carrying the weapons. Arrived at a solitary place, he suddenly turns upon the Count, reminds him of his person and his wrongs, for which he demands instant satisfaction. The Count contemptuously refuses, till, finding that there is no alternative, he snatches one of the pistols offered him by *Moreau*, and suddenly fires it at his head. He misses, and is in his adversary's power. *Moreau* disdains to follow his example, but seizing one of the swords brought for the duel, tells him to take the other. They fight. The Count is slain, and *Moreau*, mortally wounded, dies immediately after the Countess and *Barville* come to the spot. This very melodramatic catastrophe, so sudden and unexpected, produces a powerful effect, and was warmly applauded. The only remarkable character is that of the Count, a heartless profligate, with the gaiety and polish of *Don Juan*. It is a difficult part to play, and required all Mr. MATHEWS' skill and tact to save it from being revolting. The Countess was personated by Madame VESTRIS with much grace and feeling; and a little air, introduced in the third act, was warbled with her usual sweetness. The young *Moreau* was played by Mr. G. VINING with great energy. Mr. R. ROXBY, in the character of a ridiculous stockbroker, enlivens the piece considerably; and Mr. F. MATHEWS' picture of a smooth-tongued ruffian is a masterly sketch. The piece is put upon the stage with the care and completeness for which this theatre is so distinguished. It was well received, and has since been repeatedly played to large audiences.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—On Friday evening *Brutus* was performed on the occasion of Mr. GREENWOOD's benefit. We have before had occasion to remark on Mr. PHILPS' poetical version of this character. Miss S. LYONS' *Tarquina*, and Mr. H. MARSTON'S *Titus* met with loud applause.

THE OLYMPIC has the united attractions of Miss HELEN FAUCIT, and Mr. BROOKE, and, in truth, is proving a profitable speculation to FARREN.

JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.—These have closed, after one of his most successful seasons. Every night there has neither been sitting room nor standing room for those who are not present at an early hour.

THE NATIONAL CONCERTS have grown duller of late; but a revival is promised in ROSSINI'S *Stabat Mater*, which has been got up with extraordinary care, and will doubtless prove a great attraction to the town. Other novelties are promised.

OUR EASTERN EMPIRE.—Considering how many thousands of families are interested in British India, it is somewhat singular that no attempt should have been made to gratify public curiosity in regard to the scenery of the country, and the peculiarities of European life in India until now. Mr. STOCQUELER is the first to minister to the general want, and we are free to declare that he does so in a highly intelligent and agreeable manner, and has presented the public with a remarkable variety of illustrations of all the phases of existence, and all the leading features of the different parts of the country. His entertainment comprises some of the peculiarities of ALBERT SMITH, with the brilliant pictorial features of the best dioramas, only that it is more instructive than the one, and more vivid than the other. The spectator is carried from Calcutta to Lahore, viewing on the road most of the principal objects of architectural interest, interior of dwellings, tiger hunting, &c. From Lahore he goes to Bombay, —a very beautiful view of which place is given; and then to the Deccan, where he partakes of hog hunting; afterwards to Madras, and so back to Calcutta. At the latter place he witnesses the festival of the Charruh Poojat, and then goes to a Natch, or dance of native women. The whole entertainment closes with a beautiful view of the Cathedral at Calcutta. We agree with our contemporaries, that no where can an hour and a half be more agreeably passed.

THE DIORAMA OF THE GANGES was opened on Monday last, at the National Institution. The subject and the treatment are such as have at once secured great popularity to the exhibition. The opening view shows the extensive range of the "City of Palaces." In this and the following pictures the skill of the lithographer is evinced by the elaborate finish of foreground vegetation and the neatness of architectural designs beyond. There is a healthy vein of colour in Mr. BASS's larger groups, such as "The Halt of Travellers;" the contrasted light greys of the camels with the sombre elephant's hide and its trappings is effective. "Benares" is a panorama in itself, with its slender minarets and

marble palaces overcrowding the river side. "Chunar," "Allahabad," and "Agra," show that in India, as in Europe, one town is much like another in external aspect. "Taj Mahal" closes the panorama.

BREES' PANORAMA OF INDIA has strong claims to favourable notice. The pictures comprise various views of Calcutta, Ceylon, and New Zealand, and are really an edifying as well as a pleasing spectacle.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—A series of highly-interesting lectures are being given at the above-named institution by Dr. BACHHOFFNER on Voltaic Electricity, for the purpose of a light from process. The principal agent made use of by the learned Doctor for the illustration of his discourse was ALLMAN'S Patent Electric Light. Since the first introduction of this subject to the public notice great improvements have been discovered, and little doubt now exists of a speedy accomplishment of the wonderful light-giving agent. The lecturer on the occasion did not seem to doubt that the consummation had been achieved, from the fact of the light burning continuously for one hour and a half in the theatre of the institution. Should this brilliant and beautiful light be brought into general use, it will be indeed a great boon to the country.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### MODERN BOOKS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC, THE LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

SIR,—The leaves of many books printed of late years on a fine vellum paper, such as *The Book of Gems*, published by Sanders & Otley in 1836, 1837, and 1838, or the beautiful editions of Rogers's *Italy*, and Rogers's *Poems*, issued, the former in 1830 and the latter in 1834, by Cadell, Strand, and Moxon, Dover-street, have been attacked by a "disease,"—if I may use the term—which commences with minute dark brown spots, gradually extending themselves in a circular form, but fading into a light fawn colour as they extend towards the circumference. These spots do not appear to be of the nature of mildew, as they originate in books kept in a very dry library, and the shelves of which are enclosed by doors. The plates of many finely illustrated works have been ruined by these blemishes. Whether this malady be due to any inferior material in the composition of the paper, or to a faulty manufacture, I cannot say, but it is not confined to vellum paper, as I have before me at present a volume of Scott's *Bible*, published by Hatchard & Son, in 1835, which is full of these spots. I also see the same appearances on many books printed on thin yellow wove paper.

Can you or any of your numerous subscribers give any information as to the cause of this "disease," or suggest a remedy for it? A great boon would thereby be conferred on all who have good libraries, and among others upon, Sir,

Yours, &c.

A SUBSCRIBER TO THE CRITIC.  
Exeter, 11th December, 1850.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

### 'GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.'

MR. DISRAELI is writing the life of Lord George Bentinck. He has undertaken this literary task at the request of the Duke of Portland. —The *Araldo*, weekly journal of Naples, announces the fact that the Neapolitan Government has prohibited the sale of the works of the following authors:—Shakspeare, Schiller, Molière, Lamartine, Lucrétius, Lucian, Sophocles, Sisonidi, Thiers, and Humboldt. Amongst the works of the latter especial prohibitive mention is made of the *Cosmos*. —The *Taschenbuch*, which formerly were even more numerous in Germany than our Annuals, at the height of their success, have gradually dwindled down—as with us—to three or four. There is a fashion in books as in everything else; and one may safely assert that the fashion has departed from Annuals. In Germany their place is filled by the pretty children's books, which are now swarming from the press. The best of them is *Der Jugend Kalender*, wherein the illustrations are really artistic. That for 1851 is quite a gem; and, as German now rasps the throats of our very "Young England," this notice may not be unwelcome to parents and godpapas wishing to make presents. —Messrs. Little and Brown, New York, publishers, announce that Mr. Bancroft, having collected materials of great value, during his residence in England as Minister to the Court of St. James's, from the public archives, is now actively employed with his projected "History of the American Revolution," the first volume of which is far advanced in the stereotyper's hands.



Professor Shaw, of Queen's College, Cork, has resigned the Professorship of Natural History. — *The Newry Telegraph*, says: The favourite daughter of John Murray, author of *Observations and Suggestions on Education*, the man who has left us certainly the best grammar in the language (Lindley Murray revised), has been trying to eke out a precarious subsistence by singing ballads through the streets of Newry for the last few evenings. — Perhaps, as it is our habit to remark on the small share that falls to the lot of the literary and scientific man at the distribution of ministerial "loaves and fishes," we should not overlook the appointment of Sir John Herschel to the office of Master of the Mint, — with, it is said, active and responsible duties attached, and a salary of 1,500*l.* a-year. — Our readers need not be told that this is not the first time that the office in question has been illustrated by the great name attached to it.

*The Glasgow Mail* states, as it says, on authority, that Mr. Macaulay declines the invidious office of choosing between Lord Palmerston and Mr. Alison for his successor as Lord Rector to the university of that city. The nomination falls, in this case, on Colonel Mure; but as he is absent in Italy, the final vote cannot be tendered for some time. — Schiller's birthday was celebrated in Berlin on the 19th ult., by a new prologue and the representation of the *Death of Wallenstein*. Some passages gave occasion to political demonstrations. The words, "Austria desires the war," brought down a tumult of applause. — There are at present three vacancies in the Académie Française, the literary candidates being MM. Alexandre Dumas and Alfred de Musset; the Comte de Montalembert and the President of the Republic are the political claimants of the honour. — The Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres has filled up the vacancy occasioned, nearly a year since, in its body, by the death of M. Quatremere de Quincy, — electing, after a long contest with two rival candidates, M. Wallon, the author of a work on "Slavery in Ancient Times."

On Friday week the Earl of Carlisle delivered a lecture descriptive of the impressions produced on his mind during his visit to the United States, Canada, and Cuba. A dense crowd was assembled. Among those present were the Mayor, the members for the borough, Alderman Sidney, M.P., Mr. Stanfield, M.P., the Dean of Ripon, &c. The sister of Lord Carlisle, Lady Mary Howard, attended, as at the lecture on the writings and genius of Pope. The noble Lord was welcomed with unbounded enthusiasm. — It has been determined to appropriate the money raised as the Cambridge Testimonial Fund to the foundation of a charitable institution, — and not to erect a statue as was at first intended.

*The Athenæum* has heard with great satisfaction of a munificent offer made by Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer at the close of some dramatic entertainments which he has been giving at Knebworth — the performers consisting of the company of amateurs who usually play under the managerial direction of Mr. Dickens. Sir Edward proposes to write a play, to be acted by that company at various places in the United Kingdom: the proceeds to form the germ of a fund for a certain number of houses to be further endowed for literary men and artists, — and the play itself, if we understand rightly, to be afterwards disposed of for the added benefit of the fund. Sir Edward will likewise give in fee ground on his estate in Hertfordshire the erection of such asylum, rest, retreat, or whatever else it may be determined to call the residence in question. The actors — to whom a conspicuous share in this good work will be due — hope, we understand, to take the field in the spring of next year. — The correspondent of a contemporary states, the new law on the newspaper press in France, by which writers were required to sign their articles, has now been in operation sufficiently long to enable its effects to be judged of. As was expected, these effects are truly deplorable: the power of journalism is but the ghost of what it was, and it seems certain that it will soon be reduced to zero. People are surprised to find that the majority of the formidable *clique* of journalists, who so arrogantly decided on every public question, and dealt out at will fame or censure to individuals, are themselves totally unknown; whilst of the known minority, no insignificant portion are disreputable hacks, who sell their pen to the best bidder, as the soldier of fortune sold his sword, and, like him, not unfrequently combat for a cause which they had previously attacked. As for the few men of unquestionable talent and probity who emerge from the insignificant or disreputable mass, they find it difficult, not to say impossible, to prevent the public from being wearied by the eternal repetition of their names; and at the same time they cannot avoid subjecting themselves to a certain degree of ridicule, by praising this great statesman and rebuking that one,

counselling one great government and solemnly warning another.

*The Manchester Examiner and Times* has stated that the professorship of the languages and literature of Greece and Rome, and of ancient and modern history in the Owen's College, is to be given to Mr. J. G. Greenwood, of University College, London. Mr. Alexander Sandeman, of Queen's College, Cambridge, will at the same time, adds our contemporary, be formally appointed professor of mathematics and natural philosophy, in the same institution. — It is stated, as our readers have already been partly told, that the Chapter of St. Paul's are willing to enter into terms with the City authorities for a general reform of abuses in relation to our great national cathedral. They propose, it is said, to abolish the unbecoming charge for entrance at the door, — and to remove the iron palisades, and throw open the entire space up to the doors, as in the case of Notre Dame in Paris, — on condition that the corporation undertakes to widen and improve the approaches. — It is announced in the daily papers that several of the city graveyards are about to be re-opened. The notice states that the cholera having now entirely disappeared — and every fear on the subject of the public health having subsided — interments will take place as before. — The ancient dormitory attached to the great monastery of Durham — with the exception of Westminster Hall, said to be the largest in England — is about to be put in a state of thorough repair, and used as a library and museum. About 1,500*l.* have been already spent on its restoration; and the bishop has now contributed 500*l.*, and the general chapter 1,000*l.*, towards its completion.

The existence of a third and innermost ring around Saturn, which has been for some time suspected, has been positively ascertained by the astronomers at Cambridge, Massachusetts. — By the distillation of bituminous shale (of which Kimmeridge coal is a prolific example), it is stated that a fuel equal to pit coal or compressed peat can be supplied to any consumable extent, and at a cheap rate. Dorsetshire is rich in this product. — The Electric Light again claims our attention. We are informed that "an experiment was recently made in the chemical lecture-room of the Polytechnic Institution, in the presence of a select party of scientific persons, to test the power of the voltaic light for which Mr. Allman has obtained patents, and to prove that the light could be kept up continuously. The result, as far as the experiment went, was satisfactory: — the light continuing without intermission to diffuse the most brilliant rays for several hours. This is considered a great advance in electric lighting, as in former experiments the spark has been intermittent and flickering. It was stated that the expense of lights of this class would be less than the expense of gas, even at the reduced rate; and that in the event of the invention being brought into general use its expense would be greatly diminished. The brilliancy was of extreme intensity."

#### SCRAPS FROM THE NEW BOOKS.

HOW TO EXPRESS RESENTMENT. — We talked of the King of Prussia's unsteady behaviour, and of his barbarously caning an officer at the head of his regiment. The story is well known. The officer, losing all command of himself at the disgrace, drew his pistol, and pointing it at the King's heart, cried, "*A vous! mais vous êtes mon Roi.*" Then, firing his pistol in the air, he immediately took the other and shot himself dead on the spot. Mr. Foster said, an English colonel expressed his resentment on a like occasion much better than by killing himself. King William, in one of his passages to Holland, was attended on by this colonel, and, being out of humour, kicked the colonel's shins. The colonel immediately fell a kicking a seaman that was near. The King asked him what he meant by it. "Sir," replied he, "I kick where I dare do it," which was telling the King that he would not have kicked as good a man as himself. — *Gentleman's Magazine*.

THE CHURCH — IDEAL AND ACTUAL. — We set a high political and social value upon religion. We think the institution in society of a priesthood of incalculable benefit. That there shall be in these realms twenty thousand educated men, eminent among their fellow citizens for moral worth, social respectability, and superior intelligence, whose functions it shall be, weekly, to call the people together, and remind them of their moral duties, instruct them in their conduct, lead them upward to the thought of God, immortality, and the infinite significance of their own souls — who shall daily be among them, healing the breaches of families, comforting the distressed, and consoling and helping the poor — if ever there was an office worth paying for it is that. Righteousness exalteth a nation

politically — the more moral a people are the more orderly, great, and rich they will become. A policeman and a soldier sitting in a man's own heart, and whispering to him the decalogue — is it not the cheapest and best of constables? Yet of the 40,000 sermons preached weekly in our churches and chapels, how many are worth the hearing? What virtuous actions do they inspire — what vice do they repress — crime and pauperism are more rampant than ever. How many homilies will bear a reading of the many which are printed? The fault is not in the people. If a preacher be but tolerably eloquent his church is crowded. Of the noblest institution in the world we make the very meanest use. We repeat a single prayer five times every Sunday morning. We are told to enter into our closet and shut the door when we pray. In place of that we "weary heaven with prayers" in public congregation. We are informed that we shall not be heard for our much praying. Our answer to that is a book full of Act of Parliament matins and vespers, which so gnaw the tympanum and wear out the very spirit, whose physical organ cannot sustain too long the ecstasy of devotion, that at last an appeal to Heaven falls upon the sense and weighs upon the auditory nerve —

"Like a twice told tale,  
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man."

In fact, we endow theology — not religion. We busy ourselves with what men should believe, rather than with what they should do. We stereotype opinion. We are worse than papists. They at least have a living infallible interpreter of the Bible, who can change the tenor of its meaning as greater intelligence sheds more light upon it. But we have made choice of 300 dead popes, who, two hundred and fifty years ago, declared what we were to believe, and what we were to deny, and put it into an Act of Parliament, and proclaimed that that alone should be the religion of the free people of England in *secula seculorum*. Amen! — *Sidney Smith's Mother Country*.

#### Births, Marriages and Deaths.

##### DEATHS.

COWELL. — On the 5th December, after a long and painful illness, Mr. Joseph Cowell, of 93, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, aged 51. He was many years a director of the Sacred Harmonic Society, and enjoyed the esteem and friendship of all who had the happiness of his acquaintance.

GILLILLAN. — Last week, Mr. Robert Gillillan, known to the public as the author of several beautiful songs in the Scottish dialect, and some pieces of poetry of considerable merit. He appeared to be in his usual health in the morning, and was in attendance at his office as Collector for the Commissioners of Police in Leith, when he fell down in a fit of apoplexy. Medical aid was immediately procured; but he never rallied, and was conveyed to his house, in Hermitage-place, Edinburgh, where he died. He was possessed of many amiable qualities; was godfathered even to a fault; and will be much regretted by a large circle of friends.

SCHORN. — At Munich, aged 47, the celebrated Bavarian painter, Ch. Schorn, Professor at the Academy of Fine Arts at Munich.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS,

##### MUSIC, ENGRAVINGS, AND WORKS OF ART,

Published between Nov. 14, and Dec. 14, 1850.

[N.B. — The following list is obtained from the returns of the Publishers themselves, and its accuracy may, therefore, be relied on.]

##### AGRICULTURE.

Agricultural Physiology, Animal and Vegetable. Designed for the Use of Practical Agriculturists. By T. Lindley Kemp, M.D. With numerous illustrations. Small 8vo., 6*s.* 6*d.* Dickson on the Breeding and Economy of Live Stock. 3*s.* 6*d.*

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##### BIOGRAPHY.

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From Messrs. Tegg and Co.

Brookes's General Gazetteer. By A. G. Findlay, F.R.G.S.

From Mr. THOMAS DELP.

Ungewitter's European Geography and History.

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**THE JOURNAL OF THE EXHIBITION OF 1851**, by the Editors of THE LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL, was published on Saturday last.

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